

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

**A** CONDITION of things is prevalent in Canada at the present time which is not only improper, but intolerable. It is true that much British money was invested in the Grand Trunk, and that some outside money was spent in building the Canadian Pacific, but I am quite within the facts when I say that Canada practically built and equipped both roads. Canada also built the Intercolonial; it was a part of the inter-provincial bargain at the time of Confederation. Now the Intercolonial is cornered, and the Dominion Government is cornered, by the G.T.R. and the C.P.R., who appear anxious that they shall either possess the Government road or practically put it out of business.

It is not the habit of "Saturday Night" to engage in lengthy statistical or transportation topics, but for once I ask my readers to follow this question through a column or two, and I think I can justify the time that they will spend, by presenting an absolute cure for the situation which now exists.

When the fast Atlantic service was proposed, the question which settled the fate of the whole business was one which I propounded myself: "How were the vessels to find a cargo at Halifax or St. John?" The question was a very simple one, and yet it apparently had not occurred to either the late Government or the present one. The Grand Trunk has its line from Montreal to Portland, Me., and it carries its shipments over its own rails as far as possible. The C.P.R. has a short line through Maine to St. John, and if it carries its shipments to that port it can dictate its traffic rates to Government steamers, or any steamers, because it has the right to charter its own ships and will make as much money as possible. The fast Atlantic service depended upon being able to get some sort of a cargo, as well as passengers, at Halifax or St. John. The C.P.R., being in possession of the shortest line, could take the passenger traffic from the Intercolonial, and the Canadian Government would simply be feeding a private corporation. To this, of course, the Grand Trunk objected, yet neither is willing to contribute to the success of the Intercolonial, which is being starved and sucked dry by these two railroad corporations.

At the present juncture, the C.P.R. has flatly told the Government that if they cannot have something similar to their old-time lease of the Intercolonial from St. John to Halifax, they will divert their traffic to Boston. Now we stand in front of the proposition of the Grand Trunk unloading its freight at Portland, and the C.P.R. carrying its freight to Boston, in both cases shutting out the Intercolonial, destroying any prospects that we might have of building up Canadian ports, and at the same time starving the Intercolonial, which, it must be admitted, is a long and somewhat dubious track between Montreal and Halifax.

Neither road has a right to treat Canada as Canada is being treated, and yet we cannot expect anything different from corporations which only exist to earn dividends and are entirely oblivious of the fact that they and their subsidiary roads were heavily bonused.

Hon. Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, seems to be in a quandary. All traffic over both the great roads, the G.T.R. and the C.P.R., which is coast-bound, is liable to evade the Intercolonial altogether, and go to the two ports named, Portland and Boston. Mr. Blair is probably not a railroad man, but he cannot fail to remember that the C.P.R. blocked the building of a railroad through the Boundary Country of British Columbia on the ground that it would take traffic from a Canadian road and give it to the Kettle River proposition. This was using legislation to aid a railroad, on the ground that the Canadian Pacific would bring its trade from the East and keep it within the confines of the Dominion.

The way to block both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk in their present opposition to the Intercolonial, which is owned by the people, and owned by a people who could well afford to run it at a loss rather than build up ports which have no use for Canada and which are located in a foreign country, is to use the preferential tariff to divert traffic to Canadian ports. What can be done without the slightest trouble is to declare that the preferential tariff of thirty-three and one-third per cent. which exists between Great Britain and Canada, shall only apply to goods landed direct from Great Britain at a Canadian port; that if the traffic comes through a foreign country it will be subject to the same tariff which is imposed on the goods of the country through which it is hauled. Nearly \$10,000,000 worth of imports, much of which now goes by way of New York, Boston and Portland, would thus be directed to Halifax or St. John, and this would make quite a business for a railroad. The discrimination in favor of Great Britain would thus be used, not only for the benefit of the country which originates the imports, but for the upbuilding of Canadian ports.

It is true that this system would more or less injure the importing and distributing strength of Toronto, but this cannot be considered in a national question, or, when it is considered, we must bear in mind that trains will not go to St. John or Halifax empty if they expect to bring back goods at a reasonable cost to Canadian centers. Out of this carrying trade Toronto will get its share, and time will adjust the profits as well as the losses. If we can build up our own ports we will build up a trade, and there will be a meaning to the proposition made by the National Railway and Navigation Company, to have a line from Toronto to Collingwood. As far as the present situation is concerned, however, I wish to define the only cure that is possible for the starving-out of the Intercolonial, which is being made a portion of the policy of its two great competitors. At the same time we find a method of having a fast Atlantic service. By the policy which I suggest, the preferential tariff will be given a new meaning to Canadians, and the two railroads will be taught that they are not the owners of this country. If the Intercolonial has to be shortened, let it be shortened. If Canadian ports are to be built up by the preferential trade, and the Intercolonial has to be run at a loss, let it be run at a loss; it is the people's enterprise, and one that, no matter how friendly we may feel to the other railroads, Canadians of every phase of politics should take care of. That railroads bonused by the people are to kill out the traffic of a railroad owned by the people, is a scheme which we cannot listen to for a moment, and yet it is exactly what we have to contemplate now that the Government is face to face with the idea of sending all of our export business in the winter time to Portland and Boston. For years I have been advocating a different management of the Intercolonial. For years it has been obvious to everyone that the C.P.R. has been sucking the road dry. Let an Order in Council be passed, if that be sufficient, to make preferential trade come to preferred ports, and those preferred ports must be Canadian, and we can have a fast Atlantic service, we can have a successful Intercolonial railway, and we can build up great Canadian seaport cities. This should be a part of the Government's policy, and if they cannot accomplish it by an Order in Council they should call Parliament together and pass a law, and there should be no evading of the very great questions at issue. Of course there will be great railroad opposition, which must be expected, but Canada will look with interest to whether this country owns the

railroads or the railroads own the country.

It may be said that if such a law were passed, the so-called bonding privilege of carrying goods through the United States would be revoked. For twelve years I have urged that this privilege should be revoked; that no great Canadian ports could be built while it was in existence. It is not a privilege to Canada; it is a privilege which is possessed and is being worked to death by the United States. Furthermore, a law should be passed that free goods coming into Canada are only free when they come direct from their point of origin to a Canadian port, and do not pass through a foreign country. If this is done, we will receive our free goods directly from the country where such goods are grown or produced, and we will not simply be the half-way house of those who make us their market without taking our goods in return. The C.P.R. has taught this country how to use legislation and the tariff to benefit a railroad. It is quite opportune for the country to accept the lesson and teach the C.P.R. and the G.T.R., and all the railroad and private corporations, that the Government of the country can use the same methods to protect itself and its people.

It seems to be the general expectation that Canada's contingents will shortly return from South Africa. Good polities, good fellowship, and the reward of good

resent any interference either with her Ministers or with the conduct of her affairs. Lord Minto, it is to be presumed, thinks that he has a right to govern us. We do not think so. As a matter of fact, we think we have a right to govern ourselves. We may show very bad taste in selecting our overseers, our bosses, anything that we may call them, but we certainly cannot permit an outsider to select himself as the arbitrator of our affairs. We have not tolerated such things in our Governors in the past, and we will not tolerate them in Lord Minto. If he thinks he has a right to do such things, we have a perfect right to ask for his resignation in order that he may see that Canada is not a Crown colony, and that the Governor-General is not a person who has a right to intrude his notions as a superior factor to expressed opinion.

Of the Boers themselves and their resistance to the inevitable, it now seems certain that they have been pretty well rounded up and that the end of the beligerent episode is at hand. When the regular soldiers of the Transvaal have given in their arms and have gone back to their farms, the guerrillas will be treated as pirates and murderers are. The man who is caught will be shot, and as there is nothing in it for the Boers under such circumstances, resistance will be very brief. The man who should be appointed Governor-General of the whole outfit, in my

should place, and I think has placed, it in a position of a nation that desires favors but is not prepared to pay the price. Nothing could be worse than this.

THE conduct of the war in South Africa is evidently being considered as a matter which must be cheaply concluded. The capture or suppression of the Boers is being attended to as a business proposition. At best it can only occupy a little time; at worst it is a disagreeable thing which must be looked after. It is quite easy for belligerents to be very painful to a governing force. Gradually General Roberts is rounding up the Boers and putting them out of business. What forces he has and what are being spared for other British interests are not specified, but the end is being accomplished, and we may feel quite sure that a purpose is being accomplished. As far as China is concerned, we have no interest. Canada is not concerned in the dismemberment of China or the accomplishment of a result which must send the yellow people to us as an overwhelming force. We have no interest in this; neither has the world, for the overrunning of the country with Mongolians is not the thing we are seeking for, and it certainly is not the thing we are going to subscribe to.

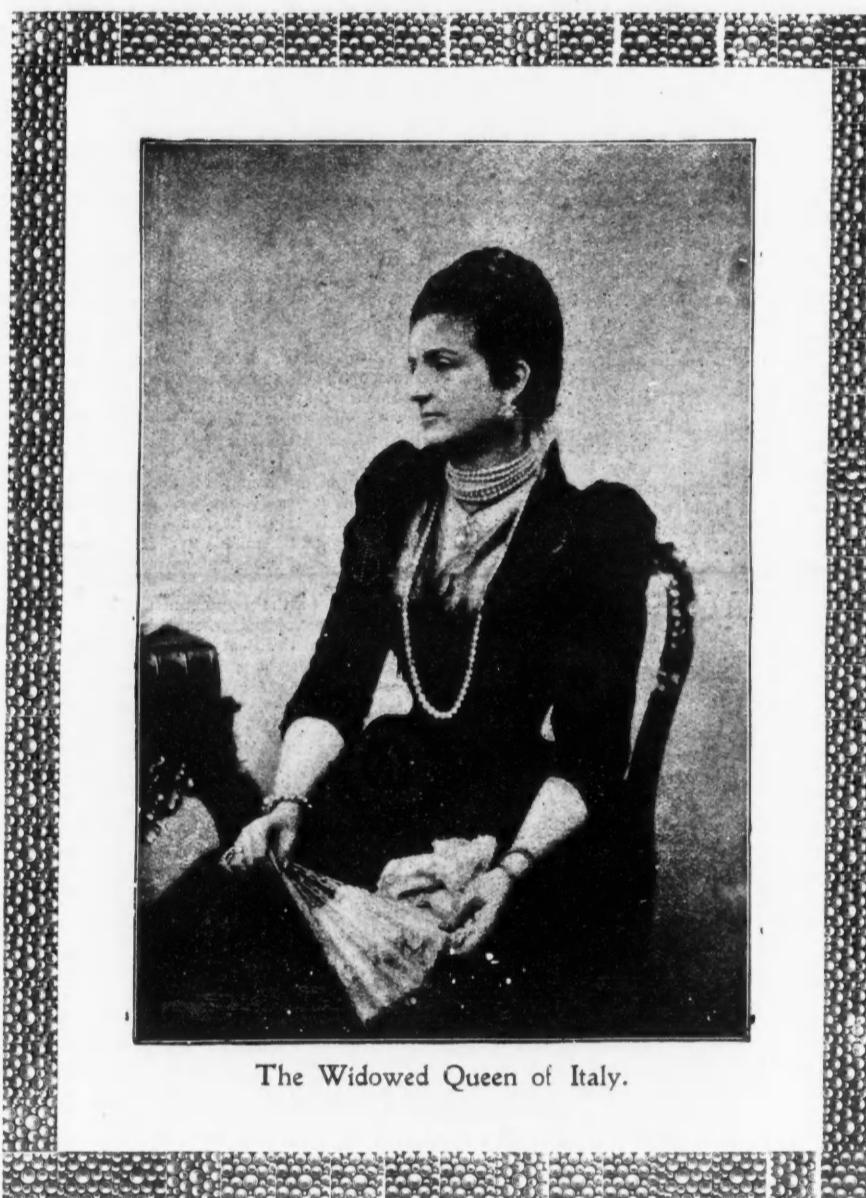
ADY CHURCHILL surprised England, and, no doubt, made a sensation the world over, by marrying George Cornwallis-West. She was a beautiful Yankee woman and married Lord Randolph Churchill. She has a grown-up son of her own, and now she is marrying a boy who is about the same age as her son. I am not devoting my time, nor the eventide of my life, in worshipping conventionalities, but it does seem to me that a woman of forty-five or fifty is taking great chances in marrying a man of twenty-five. At the time a marriage takes place the disparity of years does not seem formidable, but in ten years the disparity of ages will be so distinct that even the handsome and well-preserved woman must regard her husband almost as if he were her offspring. When the half-century of a woman is concluded she must remember that she is not young. If she has a husband who is twenty-five years her junior, she must remember that he will be younger at fifty.

Nevertheless, there is a phase of these peculiar matches which probably is too little thought of, owing to the fear that the man and the woman may not care for one another when the man is still a boy and the woman is old. Marriages are not made on an almanac basis. The old may marry the young, and the greatest luck that has come to men who are disturbed and unhappy and unable to find their poise, has been in the marrying of an elderly woman who has helped a young fellow through the paces, and has given gravity and dignity to his life and work.

Talking about marrying is a delicate subject, yet I am afraid that the question of marriage is imperfectly understood. People should marry not only for their own comfort, but for the benefit of the world. The majority of people will laugh when the benefit of the world is suggested in a marriage proposition, for young people love and marry and go away for a trip to some town that will make them tired, and come back and raise children, and scold one another, and love one another, and in the end accomplish very little except finding someone who will tolerate them and can be tolerated during the lifetime that we have to spend on earth.

There are many marriages that are much more beautiful than this. Probably the majority of marriages have in the life that follows a matrimonial alliance, a beauty which no one can ever describe or which nobody can ever mar. Admitting the truth of this, it does not follow that a young man cannot marry an old woman and be happy with her. Happiness is a queer thing; it comes up like a flower, and there is nobody who waters the flower and cultivates it and cares for it like the woman who is older than her husband. She is kind to him; she loves him and she wants him to love her, and she takes pains with it. The woman who takes pains with regard to the love of a man is very apt to get him and to keep him. There are many who think that when they have married a man the bargain is concluded and they have nothing more to do. The woman who remembers that she has to take care of him, has to make him love her, must necessarily become indispensable to him, and be such a part of his life that he would miss her. A man can be exquisitely happy if he has someone who is being all this for him, and he feels that he must return the favor. The prudence and wisdom of a woman who will do this for a man can make him rich, prominent, anything. Life with such a woman is not necessarily a burden; it is very likely to be a joy; and those who marry may make the error of not having all this wisdom and care thrust upon them, and be liable to have a sick or feeble or complaining girl clinging to their skirts. These things should all be remembered; and the proposition of the old woman and the young man, while it does not seem reasonable, is often much more in the line of common sense than the fool-boy-and-the-fool-girl getting married and starting trouble on a very even basis, and one which will result in trouble for one or both.

MY spiritual adviser has been very tolerant of all my religious views except with regard to suicide. The breaking away from old-fashioned notions has been rapid, and while I have kept my arm around the pillar of orthodoxy as much as possible, I have always felt that there are many worse things than being alive. Whenever I made a statement of this sort, however, the priest in charge of my conscience and the preacher in charge of my soul—for I always fortify myself by having both—rebuke me for speaking of the possibility of any emergency arising which will justify a man or a woman to take his or her life. In China, it appears, we are to believe anything that we read, that this emergency had almost arisen, and the moral support of the world has been practically declared in its approval, that the best representatives that any European powers could send to China preferred to kill one another and commit suicide rather than suffer the terrible tortures which Chinamen were prepared to inflict upon them. Now, if my two spiritual advisers, who are pious gentlemen, and no doubt are thoroughly acquainted with their business, had ever admitted to me that there were circumstances under which suicide would be pardonable, I would not have taken up this matter as a serious one. The ordinary suicide is a cowardly thing, and there is a certain joy in living even if one is finding a large percentage of unhappiness in life. There is no general tendency to suicide. Self-destruction is abhorrent to the average person. The criminality of the thing is almost as disgraceful as murder. Indeed, self-murder is almost as bad as the killing of someone else, yet in China it has been demonstrated, if reported things are right, that there are circumstances which make self-destruction almost virtue. This does not prove that suicide is a proper means of exit from a world which one finds difficult. It only proves that there is no rule that must not find exceptions. I would not write recklessly for the masses, because I believe with the Catholic Church that strong and decided lines are necessary for those who cannot think for themselves; yet writing for a cultured and thoughtful people, I am not afraid to say that people are too much afraid of death, and permit themselves to be



The Widowed Queen of Italy.

service, all dictate that the home-coming of our Canadian soldiers should be made more agreeable, and the provisions for their comfort should be a little more sumptuous, than when they were sent away in a hurry, and were being taught the first lesson of the hardships which they would have to endure. No sensible person believes in sending soldiers away in luxury and then landing them in a desert where they will have sufferings of all sorts to endure. Bringing them home is a different project. They have suffered the privations; many of them are enfeebled in health, and the Government cannot treat them too kindly nor take too much pains with their accommodation on the return trip.

It is within the possibilities of military regulations, it is to be hoped the Canadian volunteers will be allowed to retain their rifles and equipment. Newspapers and those who are continually giving gratuitous advice to the Department of Militia and Defence, are certainly not qualified to decide this matter, yet "Saturday Night," it is to be hoped, will be pardoned for suggesting, amongst the other newspapers of this country, that the rifles and souvenirs of the campaign should be permitted to remain in the families of the men who have served with such distinguished success, and who have been so highly esteemed by the generals who had charge of the operations against the Boers.

If it be true that Lord Minto has intervened in Canadian politics to the extent of forcing his advisers to resign their portfolios as a protest, we must admit that we are confronted with a situation which, if duplicated, would be extremely unfortunate. We rely entirely for our information upon Opposition newspapers, which we cannot even suspect of being agreeable to this sort of thing. Much as we may esteem Lord Minto, his opposition to any expression of opinion and his active antagonism will be represented by all classes of politicians. We are not prepared to increase our difficulties in this country by importing Imperial politics of any sort. We are quite willing to have a Governor-General who does not try to govern, and we are willing at any moment to receive with pleasure, even if we do not anticipate any profit, a man who comes to us with the Queen's credentials. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that Canada is a self-governing country, and will

tortured with thoughts of a Hereafter which is very much more likely to be an improvement on their present condition than a punishment for their evil deeds. The rule of fear, terrible thoughts of what may happen, are at an end, except with those who are bedridden or priest-beaten. Men and women are living and acting on the basis that the good will have good things happen to them. It may be that everybody must live, even if they wish to die. It may be that some will die who wish to live. We haven't this matter in our own hands, and no matter what the creeds of the various religious sects may teach us, we still remain in the hands of the God that made us, and we are apt to be pretty nearly what He intended us to be. Away above all our futile ambitions is the one thing that we cannot deny and which we must respect; that is the goodness of God and the kindness with which He has treated us, and with which He is liable to treat us when we are dead.

**M**R. ARCHIBALD BLUE is a unique and pleasing figure in politics, but his appointment to the Commissioner of the Census at Ottawa excites no remnant of the old antagonism which he used to excite when he was editor of the St. Thomas "Home Journal." It cannot be denied that he was a very bitter partisan, and that his opponents thought he was a very narrow one, but in the years of his probation as a Government servant, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Commissioner of Mines, and all that sort of thing, he has demonstrated that he is an expert statistician. His selection for the position of Census Commissioner will meet with the approval of everybody in Canada, for all who know him are aware of his talents as a compiler of what is to be classified. Mr. Blue is one of the rare variety of men who are well loved. He is one of the old Calvinist stock who has a conscience, and really, when I think of it, his appointment as Census Commissioner seems to me one of the best jokes of the season. It seems to be a very improper mental attitude when one thinks it a joke that the best man should be appointed, yet politics are getting into this condition, and we must admit the funny things as a proposition, as we are apt to claim the swift things as a Government achievement.

**I**F the fool-killer were as busy as the king-killer, we might expect to have better government in that portion of the world which we imagine is civilized. The king-killer goes out and kills the best men that generations of clever men can produce. The fool-killer stays at home, and would be probably well employed if he were engaged in his own destruction. Oddly enough, the United States seems to produce or educate the most violent and virulent form of anarchists. Two Presidents have been slain, which proves that the king-killer is simply a man with a murderous instinct. President Carnot of France was also killed, and by an Italian, which is another evidence that the republican form of government does not do away with the desire of a certain class of people to assassinate somebody. The killing of the Empress of Austria is another incident which indicates that even women do not escape the fury of that particularly brutal person who is dissatisfied with his station in life and cheerfully devotes himself to the murder of his superiors.

There is a tendency in modern life to make the condition of the poor an unhopeful and exceedingly hard situation.

That this can be bettered by the assassination of premiers and rulers and princes is not debatable, for no good can come out of murder. If the boy who shot at the Prince of Wales in

Belgium had succeeded in killing the future King of England, no one would have been benefited. It seems worse than idle to discuss such a question. Yet this very bad breed of human dogs seems to find mental food for the encouragement of their appetite for killing. The whole trend of religion and politics seems to me to be in the direction of making people better by doing them good instead of by the preaching of doctrines which must certainly do them evil, or by the engaging in crimes which must tend to make all the lower classes seem as if they were engaged in a war against rulers of all kinds. Remem-

bering that as many presidents as kings have been killed in recent years, and that republican government has given

birth to as many crimes as have been found in the records of monarchies, we cannot hope for an improvement by the change of the name of a government. That men go to the United States to be educated to assassinate kings, if it proves anything, becomes an evidence that liberty is the most dangerous thing for a dangerous man. It is also true that it is the most dangerous thing in the world for a dangerous woman. It is very probable that we can all work out our destinies under government such as we possess. We may not enjoy these governments, but we all have a chance to change them, and Italy is not so situated that her people could not, if they would, change the tax-ridden condition of affairs at a general election.

As far as King Humbert was concerned, he was a man of the people, loved almost universally, and though he enjoyed large revenues which he used to maintain his palaces and his people, his life was of the simplest sort. He did everything for the population of Italy that a king or president or a philanthropist could do. It is a poor thing for the world to observe that the reward of himself and his wife is that one shall be murdered and the other widowed. The anarchist streak runs through the world to a greater extent than we are willing to acknowledge. In this city some ten thousand people feel that anarchy would be the shortest road to better municipal government. They are now enjoying the result of employing this method. The idea of getting good men in office by showing the disadvantage of having bad ones there has been attempted in our own home. We can hardly jeer at the anarchist abroad when we have preferred the handspring administration to the employment of good men.

**O**NE of the best things that the "Evening News" has got off in its "Point of View" column is that Dam Li seems to be the press censor of China. Perhaps the world is better off, inasmuch as the white men who were in Pekin were not murdered, while the white men who were outside of China imagined how they felt, and lent their countenance to the story of self-murder which Mr. Dam Li circulated. Sometimes we find out more about what people think when the situation is strained and facts are unknown, than when we know all about everything that is going on. We did not notice any pulpit rebukes of the conduct of the missionaries and diplomats who did away with themselves and their wives in the face of terrible tortures and outrages. Mr. Dam Li was quite wrong, apparently, in sending out these cable reports, but we found out the truth of what people really believe right here at home.

The idea that China is to be dismembered is rapidly fading out of the diplomatic coloring of all the despatches we receive. China evidently intends to stay just as it is; in fact, it intends to stay a little more as it is than it has been "tising." Instead of changing more, it intends to change less, and I am quite convinced that public opinion supports the Chinaman in this attitude.

#### Social and Personal.

**A**MIDST the most auspicious omens was celebrated on Tuesday the marriage of one of Hamilton's favorite young society women, Miss Christina M. Hendrie, fourth daughter of Mr. William Hendrie, to Mr. Herbert Eckford, of High River, Alberta. The ceremony was performed in Central Presbyterian church at eleven o'clock by Rev. Dr. Lyle, a large number of friends of the bride being present. Miss Jessie Hendrie, Detroit, a cousin of the bride, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were the bride's sisters, Misses Maude and Phyllis Hendrie. Captain William Hendrie, of the Forty-ninth Highlanders, brother of the bride, was best man. Six of the bride's cousins were ushers: Messrs. George M. Hendrie and George T. Hendrie, Detroit; Hendrie Legat, James B. Gillies, David S. Gillies and John Gartshore, of Hamilton. The bride was beautifully



MAJ. GEN. O'GRADY-HALEY,  
The new Commander of the Militia.

gowned in a Paris creation of white Genoa velvet brocade, trimmed with old Venetian point lace. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and white heather, and carried a bouquet of white lilies. The maid of honor wore white Brussels lace over white satin, and the bridesmaids pale blue silk mulle, and veils, with white heather. The maid of honor and bridesmaids carried pink lilies. Mrs. Hendrie, the bride's mother, wore a gown of pink and white pompadour brocade, with Brussels point bodice. She wore a Brussels point lace hat, and carried a pink rose-petal parasol. A feature of the service was Mrs. MacKean's singing of the wedding march from Lohengrin before the wedding party entered the church. An elaborate wedding breakfast was served at Holmstead, to which only relatives had been invited. These numbered between sixty and seventy. The out-of-town guests included Major Eckford, Largs, Ayrshire, Scotland, father of the groom; Miss Eckford, the groom's sister; Mr. and Mrs. George Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Strathern Hendrie, Miss Sarah W. Hendrie, Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Henry Russell, Miss Christine Russell, Mrs. Van Husan, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Montreal; Mrs. Alex. Allan, and Mr. Travers Allan, Brockville. The bride and groom left the same afternoon for New York, via Toronto and Niagara Falls. They expect to meet in Gotham Lieutenant Murray Hendrie, on his way home from South Africa. They will reside at High River, Alberta, and have the best wishes of many smart Toronto people.

St. Dunstan's cathedral, Charlottetown, P.E.I., was filled with the society of the Island capital on Wednesday morning on the occasion of the marriage of William L. Scott, son of the Secretary of State, and Miss Alice Sullivan, daughter of Chief Justice Sullivan. The ceremony was performed by Bishop McDonald, assisted by Rev. Dr. Morrison and Rev. Dr. Monaghan. The church was beautifully decorated with palms. The bride was given away by her father. Miss Sullivan, sister of the bride, and Miss Ruby Croyle, sister of the groom, were bridesmaids. The groomsmen was Mr. F. W. Clever Sullivan, brother of the bride. In the afternoon the newly-married couple left to spend their honeymoon in the province of Quebec.

Rev. G. A. Kuhring is spending a few days with his father, Mr. Carl Kuhring, Quebec. The reverend gentleman has just returned from a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison and Miss Frances Harrison have returned from a delightful visit to Whitby, where they were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Hare.

Mrs. J. A. Taylor and Mrs. F. O. Brown, Boston, are visiting Mrs. Wilson Lawrence at "The Retreat," Jackson's Point, Miss Young, of Geneva, New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Troy, Bloor street. Miss Ruby Croyle has just returned from a pleasant visit of about three weeks in Port Hope. Mr. Alan Taylor is spending a holiday at Mr. and Mrs. Vrooman's, "The Terrace," Sutton West.

The announcement is made in Cornwall of the engagement of Mr. C. H. Barber, son of Mr. John R. Barber, M.L.A., of Georgetown, to Miss Ethel Weagant, second daughter of the late George H. Weagant, I.D.S., of Cornwall. The wedding will take place late in the autumn.

Professor R. Ramsay Wright, F.R.S.C., of Toronto University, and Mrs. Wright, have returned from their trip to Europe, by the Tunisian.

Mr. Edmund Bristol returned to town last week after a trip to Boston.

Sheriff and Miss Widdifield, of "Glenhyne," St. George street, have the sympathy of many friends at present. A deep sorrow has crossed their path in the death of a very dear sister, Mrs. J. J. Collins, of St. Catharines. Miss Widdifield is at home again after an absence of eight weeks, being with her sister through most of her illness and remanding to the end.

Next Wednesday, August 8th, the marriage of Miss Yda Louise Milligan, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. W. J. Lane Milligan, and Mr. Lester E. Weaver, will take place at four o'clock in Saint Anne's church. Afterwards Colonel and Mrs. Milligan will hold a reception for the bride at their home, 410 Dovercourt road.

Mrs. Otter has gone to Scarborough Beach, on the coast of Maine, to spend August. Mr. Nicol Kingsmill and the Misses Kingsmill are at the Chateau Bel-Air, Isle of Orleans. Major and Mrs. Henry Brock and their little daughter arrived in town on Thursday last from England, where they have spent the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Ryerson, Cecil street, are the guests of Captain Walker, Cobourg.

Mr. George L. Cochran, of Los Angeles, Cal., is visiting at Grimsby camp grounds, accompanied by Mrs. Cochran. Mr. Cochran, who is an old Toronto boy, and received his education here, has achieved great success in Los Angeles, and is treasurer of the University of Southern California and director of many of the larger corporations of that city.

Mrs. Price-Brown has gone to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Kenzie Bates, at Grosse Isle.

Quite a party of Torontonians went down on the last trip of the Campana. Among those noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mrs. and Miss Clute, Miss Amy Fell, and a party of six young lady teachers.

Among the many pretty girls at the Yacht Club dance, two who were much admired were Miss May Armstrong and her cousin, Miss Gyp Sutherland, of New York. Miss

Sutherland has left to visit friends at Niagara, but will again join Miss Armstrong for the last two weeks of August.

On July 21st a very quiet wedding took place at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Andrew T. McCord, Los Angeles, California, when Miss Maud Taylor Macalister and Mr. Andrew McCord Chaffey were united in marriage.

Miss Ada Stadon, of Williamsport, Penn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Will J. Tow, 194 Davenport road.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Webster, of Crawford street, have left for Port Sydney, Muskoka. Mrs. Webster intends remaining there until September.

Miss May Hamilton, who has been enjoying the interesting musical events at Chautauqua, N.Y., visited her home in Rosedale last week, and returned to Chautauqua on Monday.

Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, of North Huntley street, with little Vera and nurse, left on Wednesday for a stay at Cedarhurst, Cobourg. Miss Florence Hamilton, with her fair cousin, Miss Lytle, from Memphis, took the Muskoka express on the same day for Hamill's Point.

Mrs. G. S. Patterson, of Elmsley Place, has been enjoying a visit to Kingston with her daughters, Mrs. McPherson and Mrs. Hodgins.

Dr. Herbert A. Bruce returns on Sunday after spending a month's holiday at Old Orchard Beach and other points on the Maine coast.

Accompanied by several friends, Mr. Arthur White, District Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk, will start today to spend a week in a houseboat on the Georgian Bay.

Dr. W. H. B. Aikins and Mrs. Aikins are guests at the Tecumseh House, London.

#### The Positive Life.

HERE are two general lines of action in dealing with life, the negative and the positive, observes a writer in the "Outlook." A great many people approach the experiences of life and its opportunities from the negative side and are fairly successful; though the great majority of them fail to achieve any distinct character or make any lasting mark. To approach life from the negative side is to wait on opportunity, to take what the day brings, to adjust ourselves with constant self-repression to the opinions and wishes of others, to fall in with the movement of events, and to get the impetus which comes from the current. Many attain a certain kind of external success along this line. They have many well-wishers, if few warm friends; they are often popular, even if they are not greatly respected; they are sought after even when they are not honored, and the external appearance of success conceals to a certain extent the fact of failure. To this class belong all the merely political opportunists; those who are made by conditions and advanced by circumstances; who are lifted on general movements and carried into port by fair winds. To this class belonged Lord Godolphin, of whom Charles II. once said, with characteristic wit, that he was "never in the way and never out of it."

This kind of living involves constant watchfulness of others and intense studiousness of conditions. The man who has neither steam nor sail must watch the currents very closely and keep his eye constantly on the tides. The wear and tear of constant adjustment to the wishes of the community and to fortunate conditions are never relaxed in the case of the opportunist. He can never afford to make mistakes of judgment: his success depends upon doing the politic thing at the right moment, saying the persuasive word at the proper point, and putting himself in the way at the exact second when he may be noticed or needed. He who studies popular favor in public life must have a quick eye and a long memory; he must cultivate agility of motion, rapidity of thought and skill in transferring his principles from side to side without too obvious inconsistency. This life, which seems easier, is much the hardest, because it lacks entirely that repose which comes from resting on principle, and that constant nourishment of the inward spirit which comes when one is in harmony with the deeper laws of life.

Dealing with the positive side of life, on the other hand, involves certain indifference to the conditions of the moment; the indifference, not of contempt, but of pre-occupation with higher things; a certain lack of care for the opinions of others, not from selfishness or coldness, but because one's opinions are formed on a different basis. The man who actively and positively fashions his own career and develops his own character has an inward purpose, an unseen aim, to which he constantly directs his attention. He may be long time in forming this purpose or in perfectly discerning this aim, but when these ultimate ends are once clear to him he is forever rid of all uncertainty. Winds and storms are in a certain sense matters of as little consequence to him as to the great ocean steamers which sail to their havens with sublime disregard of all external circumstances; they are set to a course, and nothing drives them out of that course. In like manner he who shapes his course to a distant and clearly defined point is not swept out of it by passing winds of popular favor or disfavor, or by changing currents of popular opinion. Having an inward purpose, his relations with men form themselves on a natural and spiritual basis. He does not need to weigh men according to their value for his own uses; he is not looking to them for the development of his own career. What he wants from them are the things which he is willing to give them—affection, sympathy, interest, and co-operation. He is not bent upon using them simply as aids; they do not work into his plan of life. He is lifted above all those sordid and selfish relationships in which a man entangles himself when he attempts to use friends to forward his own ends.

Now need the man of inward purpose concern himself with consistency of life. There is nothing more beautiful than the reaction of a high ideal upon the actions of the man or woman who cherishes it; for an ideal steadily pursued sooner or later shapes a constant and harmonious character, and we come at last to know what the ideals of men are by the character which those ideals have formed. Nothing is so fundamental in creating a real and noble personality as the choice of a high ideal; let a man choose such an ideal and follow it loyally, and he may give up all concern for his character; it will form itself. Such a man is emancipated, not only from the temptation to be selfish in his friendship, but from most of the fears that beset men of less clearness of purpose. Such a man is much less affected by the happenings of outward fortune, by material disaster of every kind, than a man who has not this inward guidance and constant pressure of the ideal upon his own nature. He is emancipated from fear of men because men can neither make nor mar his career; he is emancipated from fear of disaster because conditions can neither make nor mar his career; his only source of fear is disloyalty to his own purpose, and that is a fear which guards and protects rather than depresses. Such a man discards, one by one, all those things which belittle human life and fill it with weakening and corroding anxieties. He is not disturbed by the confusion of aims which he finds in the world about him; he is not concerned about his enemies, for he has none whom he has consciously made; he thinks generously and fearlessly of his friends, and he is lifted above all the outward changes of fortune by the spirituality of the end which he has chosen.

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### Social and Personal.

A pretty house wedding took place on Saturday evening at the residence of Mrs. Coniam, 184 Sherbourne street, when Miss Edith Brokenshire, daughter of Mr. John Brokenshire, of Fenelon Falls, was married to Mr. Robert Raynor, of the steamer Chippewa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Pearson, pastor of Holy Trinity church. The house was prettily decorated with flowers and Chinese lanterns. In addition to a large number of friends of the contracting parties there were present several prominent marine men, among them being Mr. S. J. Murphy, Commodore McGiffin, Captain Clapp, Captain Soimes, Customs Officer Donald McCuaig, and S. Clewlo and W. E. Tibbits. Miss Bertha Brokenshire, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. W. E. Tibbits, groomsman. Miss Helen Bell was a charming flower girl. After the wedding breakfast Mr. Raynor was presented with a handsome illuminated address, accompanied by a purse of \$200 in gold. Mr. S. J. Murphy made the presentation on behalf of the officers and crews in the Niagara Navigation Company's employ. Mr. and Mrs. Raynor left on the 11:15 o'clock train to spend their honeymoon in the Eastern States.

The Misses Jolliffe, of Ottawa, are the guests of Dr. McKenzie, Bloor street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rielle, Montreal, are visiting friends in Toronto and the Georgian Bay district.

Senator Fulford, of Brockville, and Mr. George Graham, M.P.P., with Hon. A. S. Hardy and Judge Barton, of Stratford, have been enjoying a cruise on Senator Fulford's yacht on the Rideau lakes, to Ottawa, then to Montreal and back to Brockville by the St. Lawrence.

Miss Bell, of Toronto, a graduate of the Kingston general hospital, has been appointed superintendent of the Infants' Home, at Kingston, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Emma Veale.

Mrs. Cummings, of McKenzie crescent, has returned from Muskoka, and has gone on a few days' visit to Harriston and Washington.

Mrs. Henry Hamly is visiting friends in Port Hope. Miss Lillian McCracken, of Robert street, is enjoying holidays in Orillia and Muskoka. Mr. J. N. Blair, of Montreal, has returned to his home, after having visited Dr. Clouse, in College street, and other friends in this city. Mrs. W. D. Tyre and family and Miss Alice MacFarlane have gone to Mount Forest to spend the summer with their parents.

It will be a matter of interest to many to learn that Lady Hodgson, wife of Sir Frederick Hodgson, the Governor of Ashanti, who has recently escaped from Kumasi, which was invested by natives, is a Canadian by birth. She is a daughter of the late W. G. Young, who was Colonial Secretary for Vancouver Island from 1858 to 1864. The house in Victoria in which Lady Hodgson was born is now owned and occupied by Mr. A. J. Smith.

Mrs. Charles Macdougall, with her children, is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Brough, at their Muskoka home.

Mrs. John Wright, with Mr. Walter Wright and Master Douglas Wright, Miss Rosamond Boulbee, and Miss Susie McNab, of St. Francis, are spending the summer at Angell cottage, Cape Elizabeth.

Mr. A. M. Buley and Dr. Parkes, of Toronto, along with Mr. Charles Deeks, and Dr. Brethour, of Brantford, are spending their holidays in North Bay and district.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Alfred Thompson have removed from 232 Jarvis street to their home in Wilton crescent.

The Misses Harris, of St. Albans street, have gone to visit friends in New York. They will spend some time in Philadelphia and Atlantic City before returning home. Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, with her little ones, will spend the month of August with her father at Bowmansville. Mr. David Harman and Mr. Arthur Rossell are spending a couple of weeks at the seaside. Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson and children have left town to spend August at Angell cottage, Cape Elizabeth.

Mr. Edgar A. Wills, secretary of the Toronto Board of Trade, has removed from his late residence, No. 51 Collier street, to No. 4 Macpherson avenue.

Miss Basdeo and Miss Marian Basdeo are at Ferndale, Muskoka. Mrs. Arnoldi and family are at Woodington, Muskoka. Mrs. and Miss Rowan and Miss Jessie Rowan are summering at Murray Bay.

Mr. Fuller, of the Bank of Toronto, Montreal, and wife, are guests of Mrs. Fuller, of Rosedale.

Miss Annie Michie and Miss Florence McArthur, of St. George street, are visiting friends at Atherley, Lake Simcoe.

**The Prince as a Yachtsman.**

**I**t is well known that the Prince of Wales has a passion for yacht racing, but outsiders have little idea how keenly he enjoys the excitement, not to say perils, of racing in stiff breeze. Here are some interesting reminiscences given by an old member of the crew of one of his racing yachts of scenes of which he was an eyewitness.

"I remember once, when we were at Cowes, racing in the Aline for the Queen's Cup, with the Enchantress and Waterwitch against us. We had a tremendous lot of canvas out, and all of a sudden, as we were just passing Cowes, heavy squall rushed down the valley and carried away the whole of our fore-topmast. The Prince was on deck smoking a cigar. The squall struck us very heavily, but his Royal Highness kept quite cool, and asked the captain if it would be safe to continue the race. The captain said it would, and so we went on. The Prince remarked between the whiffs of his cigar, 'Oh, well, accidents will happen!'

"Though I never saw him take the tiller in his hand, he always took the

keenest interest in the way in which the vessel was handled. He would come up on deck after everything had been battened down prior to the commencement of the race and find some safe spot. But he is always inclined to be restless, and he liked, even when we were racing, to move about from one part of the deck to another—no easyfeat. He is a splendid sailor, and the fact that he always has a big cigar in his mouth shows that mal de mer has no fears for him. His usual companion on the Aline was Lord Charles Beresford, who was always good-natured and merry as a sandboy. The Prince, too, was very amiable, and as he walked about, clad in his yachting suit of flannel—white trousers and a blue serge reefer jacket—he would often stop to say a word to one or other of us.

"One curious incident I well remember. It was when we were off Cowes, just returning from a short cruise. We were going in to pick out moorings, and to do this we had to let down the mainsail. Of course his Royal Highness was asked to step round to the weather side of the yacht. Instead of doing this, however, whether from forgetfulness or what I can't say, he strolled round to the leeward side, with cigar in mouth and hands in pockets. He was gazing round heedlessly enough at the other vessels near at hand, when down thundered the sail. Of course, as the sail was 'ballying' considerably as it descended, it blew to the leeward side, where the Prince was standing, and forced him against the bulwark. I happened to be near the edge of the rail, and, looking round it, saw the future King of England fixed tight between the sail and the bulwark, so that he couldn't move. But he was laughing heartily, and I jumped into the sail and flattened it, so that the Prince could get clear. Of course, he really was in great danger of being carried overboard, and I believe he quite realized his danger, but would not show it. As soon as he could breathe freely again—I'll warrant that sail took his wind a bit—he exclaimed, as a smile lit up his ruddy face, 'Oh, what a lark!'

### When Pa Takes Care of Me.

**W**HEN Pa takes care of me, he says to Ma, "By Jing! It seems that everything comes on me when I've got the most to do."

But I suppose I've got to get it through with; so you needn't fuss one bit about him; I'll take charge of him while you are out."

But Ma makes him repeat all she has said about what he's to do; guess she's afraid To let him try his way.

Of watching me, the day When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me, He puts me on a rug, Gives me a kiss and hug.

Then brings in every pillow he can find, And piles them up in front, at sides, behind.

Me: "See that you can't hurt yourself," he says.

And then he gets my picture-books, and lays them down beside me, and my blocks and toys.

And says: "Now, go ahead; make all the noise."

You want to; I don't care."

And I sit there and stare, When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me, No book or toy or game.

Seems, somehow, just the same, And, by and by, I'm through with every one.

And when I cry, Pa says, "Have you begun?"

Already? What's the matter, anyway? There's everything you own! Why don't you play?"

Stop crying now; You won't? Well, what is wrong?"

Come now! I'll sing." And then he starts some song.

About "Bye, Baby, Bye!"

And I lie flat and cry, When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me, He grabs me up at last, And starts to walk, real fast, And talks to me, and pats my back, and tries.

To act as if he liked it; but he sighs, And sighs, and keeps a lookin' at the clock,

And out the window, up and down the block.

For sight of Ma; and when she does come in,

She grabs me quick, and says, "It is a sin!"

And Pa looks mad, and—I—

I'm glad the time's gone by.

When Pa takes care of me.

—FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

### Sharp Business.

A nobleman was deeply in love with a lady. He met her one evening at a crowded ball, and as he could not get an opportunity of talking with her in order to propose, he contrived to slip into her hand a piece of paper with the two words written upon it, "Will you?"

The reply was equally brief:

"Won't I?"

A little boy, the bald head of whose grandfather was strikingly white, remarked to his mother: "Ma, doesn't grandpa's head look sick?"

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## An Adventure in Italy.

By M. M.

HERE was a gay company assembled in Mrs. Lefroy's salon in Rome, late one March afternoon, a few years ago. The high walls and gilded cornices of the old palace, in which she had apartments, reflected with a cheerful glow and glitter the lights from gasolier and sconce, and the room was full of the musical sound of tea-shings, mingled with laughter and animated conversation. An afternoon reception was going on, in most respects no different from the hundreds of affairs of the same kind, which were probably taking place about the same time in many another fashionable European drawing-room.

In one particular, however, it was more interesting than some others—namely, in the variety of nationalities which it represented. Although English and French were the prevailing tongues that went to make up the fashionable babel, most of the "fair women and brave men" belonged to neither of these countries. Americans, naturally, were in the majority, as Mrs. Lefroy was an American widow—needless to say, of great wealth—who had been living in Rome for some time. Next to her compatriots, the Italians predominated—lively young married women, demure damsels, gay noblemen, and not a few comfortable-looking priests. A good many English, several French and Spanish, and even one or two attaches from different South American Legations, completed the motley assembly.

A girl was carrying on a somewhat ungrammatical French conversation with an Italian. She was, at this moment, having some difficulty in explaining to him that she was neither English nor American, but Canadian. Naturally, as Canadians are by no means so numerous on the Continent as they are—what shall I call them?—conquistadors, foreigners do not quite understand who they are. This particular young Italian, after the manner of his kind, had begun by giving elaborate compliments to our heroine, Rose MacKenzie, avowing that charming Americans were the most adorable women in the universe.

"I am not an American," explained Rose. "I am Canadian. Canada is part of the British Empire, you know."

"Ah, then, you are English," exclaimed the Count, in a triumphant tone, as if that settled it.

"Not a bit English," she persisted. "I am British, if you like; but my father is a Scotchman, and I was born in Canada. That makes me what they call a 'Scotch-Canadian'."

This complication of nationalities was too much for the count, who shrugged his shoulders and smiled, but did not appear to be enlightened. He was evidently not a very brilliant young man, and Rose glanced round the room to see if any of the others looked more interesting.

"What is the name of that old priest talking to Mrs. Lefroy?" she asked. "That is Monseigneur di San Giorgio," answered her companion.

"He has an interesting face," remarked Rose, "and those white curls all round his tonsure make him look very benevolent."

"He has also an interesting temper," returned the count, whom the subject of the old priest appeared to rouse. "Some say he is crazy. He becomes very cunning in his fits of anger, and no one is quite sure what he may do next."

"I suppose, of course, he is a very strict Catholic."

"Of course. He is also ambitious. He would be a Cardinal, though whether that will ever come to pass is doubtful."

"I wonder what he would think of me, a Presbyterian," remarked Rose.

"A Presbyter—what is that?" asked the count, looking puzzled.

"A Protestant, you know, like the Waldenses," exclaimed Rose. "I suppose he would think me a shocking heretic, and that I was quite certain never to get to Heaven!"

"I will present him if you like, and you can ask him yourself." Whereupon the count, noticing that Mrs. Lefroy had just ceased talking to the old man, to look after some new guests, brought him up to the young lady.

Rose MacKenzie was travelling on the Continent with an American friend, a Mrs. Bethune. She was a bright girl, possessing the faculty of being able to adapt herself to any society in which she might be thrown, and having an unlimited fund of self-assurance. She was very young—not more than eighteen—and was quite pretty, with a quantity of soft, fair hair, light hazel eyes, and a tall erect figure. She imagined that she had more beauty than she really did possess; but this, as far as her success with chance acquaintances went, did her no harm, as it gave her an air of self-possession, which combined with a kindness of manner springing from a really kind heart, made a most favorable impression. She had some of the failings that are common to most young people on the American continent—to wit, a little too much confidence in her own powers, and not quite enough respect for those older than herself. And here in Italy, these two faults of hers were the means of her having some adventures anything but pleasant for herself.

On this occasion she addressed the old priest with a pertness not altogether respectful to his age or calling.

"I suppose, Monseigneur, that as I am a Protestant and a heretic, you are not altogether obliged to Monsieur le Comte for presenting me!"

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said the old man, who was of course Italian and polite—but I have met many Protestants, particularly from America, and have always found them most charming."

"But you think, all the same, that we are all doomed to perdition, don't you?" she persisted.

"We should never doom so fair a young lady to perdition," he answered, more politely than ever. "Mademoiselle is also too pretty to engage in theological discussions."

This hint should have been enough for Rose, but she went on obstinately.

"But tell me why you call Protestants heretics," she said. "A heretic is a person who believes contrary to authority, is he not?"

"Exactly, Mademoiselle," remarked the old priest. "Mademoiselle is most intelligent."

"And so," continued she, "because we do not believe according to the authority of your church, you call us heretics."

"Perhaps we do, Mademoiselle," with an impatient gleam in his eyes this time, that Rose should have noticed.

"But why should the authority of your church be above that of ours?" she demanded, feeling that she had now rather caught the old priest.

"Mademoiselle must excuse me answering her questions," he remarked in a politely decided tone, but with a decided gleam of anger in his eyes. "These subjects are too difficult for an afternoon reception. We have come here to enjoy ourselves, is it not so? And Mademoiselle surely will take a cup of tea."

So saying he went off towards the tea table, in spite of the young count's entreaties to be allowed to bring him some refreshment. He did not come back.

"You have made him angry," said the young man. "He does not like to be talked to. He wishes to do all the talking himself. You had better take care. It is not well to have offended Monseigneur di San Giorgio."

Rose laughed. "We are leaving Rome to-morrow," she said. "I am not afraid."

As she and Mrs. Bethune drove away, Rose gave her friend and chaperone an account of her discussion with the priest.

"He would not answer any of my questions satisfactorily," she said. "I believe he thought I had no more ideas than one of their own silly little Italian girls, and that compliments were the only style of conversation fit for me. I am sick of their compliments. They were rather amusing at first, but when you have nothing else they grow tiresome. And the old priest was as bad as any of them!"

"They certainly do treat unmarried girls as if they were dolls," admitted Mrs. Bethune. "And the Italian girls generally are not allowed to have many ideas—certainly not to express them. But my dear Rose, I can't help thinking that we err on the opposite side. A very young person like you should not express your opinions so decidedly on an old man."

"I didn't express any opinions," objected Rose. "I only asked leading questions!"

"At any rate, my dear," advised Mrs. Bethune, "there are two subjects that should never be discussed in society. I think. They are politics and theology." And Rose, who had begun by prideing herself on having put her case rather cleverly to the "arrogant old man," as she called him, and in making great progress in the French language, could not help now feeling that she had made rather a fool of herself.

At any rate, my dear," advised Mrs. Bethune, "there are two subjects that should never be discussed in society. I think. They are politics and theology." And Rose, who had begun by prideing herself on having put her case rather cleverly to the "arrogant old man," as she called him, and in making great progress in the French language, could not help now feeling that she had made rather a fool of herself.

"What a mockery," exclaimed Rose, "to put such jewels beside a corpse!"

"Zey would look better in ze Signorina's hair, zat is so," said the guide, and the ladies smiled. They felt rather awe-struck at the same time. "To think that that is what we must all come to, some day!" said Mrs. Bethune. "Ugh! it makes me feel as if I never wanted to wear another emerald!"

The priest, without having uttered a word, closed up the front of the altar, and the little party left the chapel and

for more than an hour, looking finally at the enormous stained glass window behind the high altar. It is said to be the largest colored window in the world, and is supposed to represent the whole story of the Bible.

"Would ze Signorina not choose to descend down to ze crypt to see ze tomb of ze great San Carlo Borromeo?" asked the guide.

"Is it one of the sights?" said Rose. "It is getting rather late."

"But not too late to see ze beautiful tomb of dis so great a man." The guide was most eager, and Mrs. Bethune said that as she intended to see everything in the cathedral, even to the top of the spire, they might as well see the crypt that day.

"If ze Signora will wait one moment, I go to call ze priest, who keeps ze keys."

He went off for a minute or two and came back, from some dark corner of the building, followed by a young man in a cassock.

"What is to be done?" she exclaimed.

"We are almost run out of money—I was going to the banker's this afternoon. My dear Rose, what shall we do? If we do not find it, it will cause us immense inconvenience, if nothing worse!"

"We must find it," said Rose, who was really in practical matters the wiser of the two. "I will go down and tell the concierge to write advertisements. Then I must try to find the cab we drove in this morning. If you dropped it there, the letter of credit will not do the driver much good."

"No, but my diamonds will do him a great deal of good! And if he were to keep those he would certainly not give us back the letter of credit! Oh, Rose, what shall we do? Where did I see it last?—I certainly tied it on, most securely as I thought, this morning!"

"The tape may have come unsewed," said Rose. "At any rate, I shall go to the cathedral at once and see if I can trace it."

"You can't go alone! I must go with you!"

"Nonsense, you are far too tired," said Rose, decisively—Mrs. Bethune was, in fact, rather an invalid, and Rose had a certain amount of responsibility on her shoulders. She feared that the worry of the loss would tell on her friend, and rushed off to see what could be done.

After notifying the concierge, who promised to advertise, she tried to find the cabman who drove them that morning. He was nowhere to be seen, however, and she had forgotten his number; so she was forced to let the hotel porter call another, and drove off to the cathedral in a most unquiet frame of mind.

The great building, with its 2,000 statues, stood out against the pink evening sky looking more imposing than it had done that morning. It was growing late in the afternoon. Rose looked in vain for the friendly guide—he had evidently gone home to his evening meal. She entered the gloomy cathedral, intending to look for the mournful young novice. She walked about for some time, looking for the precious pocket, but saw nothing of it, or of the priest either. All at once, coming towards her down one of the darkening aisles, she saw a face she recognized—that of an old man in a cassock, his head encircled with a sort of halo of silver curls. Monseigneur di San Giorgio! She felt as though she had found a friend, though she had spoken but a few words to him in Rome. She went up and addressed him in French. The old man glared at her absently for a moment or two. Then he said, "Ah, yes, it is the pretty theological young lady. I am sick of your novices. 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pair.

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## Handicap on the Cigarette.

It seems that the Rock Island Railroad has concluded that smokers of cigarettes are undesirable employees, and have determined not to hire any more of them. They want men who are alert and active, can think quickly and have steady nerves, and they consider cigarette-smoking unfavorable to the development of these qualities. It is doubtful if anything was ever so bad for mankind as cigarettes are reputed to be, but it won't do any harm for Rock Island and other railroads that disapprove of them to give practical evidence of their contempt. There is no argument against rum that is more argumentous than the unwillingness of employers to hire men who drink. A like prejudice of employers against cigarettes will have its due influence with ambitious lads. If they recall that the Rough Riders in the Cuban war strewed the path to glory with cigarette-stubs and endured the worst sufferings of the war when their cigarettes gave out, somebody must remind them that rough-riding is not a steady job, nor often available. Also that it was not cigarettes that brought the arch Rough Rider within sight of the Vice-Presidency, for Colonel Roosevelt himself does not smoke at all.

## Curious Bits of News.

It is exactly two hundred years since the sweet pea was introduced to England. We have it on the authority of botanists that the sweet pea was originally planted in England in 1700, and since that time it has attained a popularity among the more common of our garden flowers which has, perhaps, never been exceeded.

A fly is able to saunter along through the air at the rate of five feet a second, but when it is in a particular hurry it can go about thirty-five feet a second. Its wings beat the air at about the same rate of vibration as the piano string E, first line of the treble staff; but that is not its only means of audible expression. When it gets excited and cannot break away from the fly-paper it makes its thorax vibrate at a higher pitch. You have heard that Campanini could sing high C with chest voice. He could not, but a fly with its feet stuck fast can.

The United States Treasury Department has ruled that tips to sleeping-car porters are a legitimate travelling expense. Contract Nurse Sylvester E. Ackerman, who had been employed on the transport Missouri, was ordered to Brooklyn from the Presidio at San Francisco. Transportation and a sleeping-car section were furnished him. When he arrived, however, he charged the Government fifty cents expense money, which he had spent on tips to sleeping-car porters. This raised the question whether such tips are legitimate expenses, and after long delay and much red tape the Controller of the Treasury has ruled that the fifty cents should be paid.

The latest evidence of the Royal Family's appreciation of the convenience of the telephone is the opening of underground communication between Windsor Castle and Cumberland Lodge, in Windsor Great Park. This puts the Queen in easy communication with Prince and Princess Christian, and does away with the exchange of messages by mounted courier between the Castle and the Lodge. The new line is about four miles in length. Her Majesty has long had telephone lines connecting Windsor Castle with Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, and the principal Government departments.

It has been found on study of three hundred cases of loss of hair that baldness prevails most with unmarried men—which is contrary to the general belief. The worries of the bachelor may be fewer, but they are more trying to the scalp than are the multitudinous cares of the man of family. Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In woman it usually constitutes a general thinning; in men it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair. Heredity is a factor. If one has baldheaded ancestors all the drugs of the pharmacopoeia will not bring out flowing locks.

**What Watson is Writing**

of cases.

Among certain African tribes gashes upon the face serve many purposes. If a member of such a tribe has a perpendicular scar from temple to chin it means that he has fought successfully in this or that campaign; if the cuts are oblique it means that he not only fought, but is singled out for some conspicuous act of prowess; if the gash is formed like a parallelogram it betokens that the luckless warrior was a member of a vanquished army.

The gash of the Kaffir warrior is worth describing. After an act of bravery a deep cut is made in the thigh of the hero by the priest. When healed this gash is of a blue color, and is as much prized and sought after as the Victoria Cross is by Tommy Atkins. And the Kaffir warrior has not the remotest chance of selling his "medal," neither can it become a prized heirloom in his family.

But the chief use of the gash is as a tribal mark, and to realize the full value of such a scar you must take into consideration the relation of the savage man to the world outside his own immediate vicinity. His place is that of Ishmael of old. So long as he remains in his own tribal territory he is safe, but on the lan of another tribe he is the lawful prey of the first man he meets. To men whose relations are so precarious the tribal mark is the only safeguard at home; without it he would fall an unrecognized victim to the slaughtering instincts of his own tribesmen. In the Biblical instance, in which a mark was set upon Cain, "lest anyone finding him should kill him," we have the explanation of the tribal mark.

Among savages, as indeed among civilized beings, the man who has "done something" is at once consumed with an idea to let the world know of his prowess, to mark himself off from the rest in a visible and unmistakable manner. In our own country the opportunities for doing this and the methods of doing it are varied enough, but the savage only has one way, self-mutilation, or self-adornment, as he considers it. So that after having slain an elephant single-handed he will paint his face green and his legs red; and so extensively advertise what he has done. Then the law of imitation steps in, and what was at first only the whim of the individual becomes the custom of the populace.

Among certain South Sea Islanders it is the fashion to mark the fluctuations of their life by the way in which the hair is worn. Thus, for instance, when a man loses his mother or his father he will plait his hair in a particular fashion and dye it white; when he is married he will dye his hair red; and surmount it with a metal crest; when he wishes to let his friends and acquaintances know that a son has been born to him his locks will suddenly assume a flaxen tint.

## What Watson is Writing

Mr. William Watson, upon being styled a "pro-Boer," recently published these few stanzas, as an answer to his accusers:

Friend, call me what you will; no jot care I:  
I that shall stand for England till I die,  
England! The England that rejoiced to  
see  
Hells unbound, Italy one and free;  
The England that had tears for Poland's  
doom,  
And in her heart for all the world made  
room;  
The England from whose side I have not  
swerved;  
The immortal England whom I too have  
served,  
Accounting her all living lands above,  
in justice and in mercy and in love.

## Murder in Literature.

The old, gray-headed millionaire in the latest novel is by no means without resource.

"Why do you murder me?" he exclaims. "It is not for you to commit this mysterious crime! For you are by no means the last person in the book who would be suspected of such a thing."

The other is at once struck by the force of this argument, and slinks away, first letting fall the glittering dagger from his nerveless fingers, while the millionaire felicitates himself upon the accurate understanding of the literary proprieties.

## Dreadful Revenge.

"But how," they asked of the French count, "will you wreak vengeance on this man?" "I shall call him a coward, and when I leave I shall slam the door real hard. Ha! Ha! I laugh!"—Judge.

## Healthy Schoolma'am.

**Found Out How to Feed Herself.**  
Many schoolteachers, at the end of their year's work, feel thoroughly exhausted and worn out, physically and mentally. The demand upon the nerves and brain of a teacher is unusual and unless they are well fed and fed upon properly selected food, it is natural that they should run down.

A little woman teacher at Gobleville, Mich., who has been teaching regularly for a number of years, has always found herself thoroughly exhausted at the end of the session, until within the last year, she has made use of Grape-Nuts Food, with the result that she closed the year as a robust, healthy, strong, vigorous woman, having gained in weight from 90 pounds to 126; her nerves strong, face bright and cheery, and really a wonder to all her friends, who constantly comment on her color and strength. She knows exactly to what the change is attributed, for in the years past, living on ordinary food, she has almost broken down before the school year closed, whereas since using Grape-Nuts, this change has been brought about: evidence prima facie of the value of Grape-Nuts Food for rebuilding the brain and nerve centers.

The name of the teacher can be given by Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich.

## Books and Their Makers.

A Canadian edition of The Red Badge of Courage has been issued by W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto, paper-bound, but very well printed. The recent death of the author, Mr. Stephen Crane, has renewed interest in the book that two years ago was more talked of than any other. The interesting preface to the new edition is by Ripley Hitchcock, literary adviser to Appleton's. It is said that Mr. Crane received from Helmemann for all rights in the book the sum of £20, and from the syndicate that printed the story first in the United States \$90. It was cut from 55,000 words to 18,000. The author's profits were derived from the publication of the story by Messrs. Appleton in book form. Mr. Crane is reported to have finished 56,000 words of a new Irish romance, cast in the time of George II, before his death, but no particulars of publication have been received. Harper & Brothers announce for appearance in August a new volume entitled Whilomville Stories, from Mr. Crane's pen. It is claimed that he considered these tales representative of the best work he had so far done. They depict the amusing characteristics of boys, and will be copiously illustrated by Peter Newell's gifted pencil. Mr. Harriman, a friend of Mr. Crane, maintains (vide "The Critic") that the young novelist contracted the consumption of which he died, not in Cuba, but in the draughty old thirteenth century mansion in which he made his home in England. Inspection would undoubtedly result in finding such picturesque buildings infested with hungry swarms of the bacillus tuberculosis.

## As the tide of civilization still continues to advance

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with the round end of the pencil on the back of the hand, and then saying, "There is an impression, and one is also made by seeing—only in a different manner—on the mind or brain." With this explanation the little girl seemed to be satisfied.

The next day I was talking with a bishop on board, and said to him, "My little friend here can tell you what an impression is."

"And what is an impression?" he asked.

"Oh," said she, "it's just a round hole made on the back of your mind by pressing a pencil on it."

## A Twilight Lullaby.

In the west the sun is sinking,  
Twilight comes;  
Little eyes are gently blinking,  
While the sandman stands there winking.

At the little ones.

Now the weary flowers are drooping  
In their beds.

Lilles tall a watch are keeping;  
Baby violets, almost weeping,  
Nod their heads.

Hush, the little birds are dreaming  
Far on high!

And the wind is softly sighing,  
While the golden light is dying  
In the sky.

Ah, the stars begin to twinkle,  
Dancing eyes!  
And the pale old moon is creeping  
Softly—for the birds are sleeping—  
Gently—for the flowers are weeping—  
Up the skies.

Far into a land of slumber  
Baby creeps.

Sweetest bells are ever chiming,  
Wondrous fairies are entwining  
Baby wreaths.

Life is but an infant dreamland—  
Twilight comes!  
Weary eyes shall cease their weeping,  
When the soul is sweetly sleeping.

With the little ones.

When beyond the misty shadows  
Of the night,  
Weary feet shall cease to wander,  
For the soul shall soar up yonder.

To the Light!

—ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL,  
Hamilton.



Mr. Howe's Fly—Mr. Caterpillar is not very busy these days.

Mr. Butt R. Fly—No; but he says he is going to be very fly later in the season.

—Mr. McKinley as a Teamster.

THE Major drew heavily on his cigar and then watched the ring of fire fade into the ash again.

When he spoke, it was in the tones of a man who knows his story.

"Thirty years ago I wore the red stripes and the red star of an ordnance sergeant, and, at the battle of Antietam, had charge of the ammunition for a brigade. I had taken the ammunition train as close to the fighting line as was allowed until orders for ammunition were received. Two of the best teams and most reliable drivers were placed by the side of the road and kept in readiness to move at a second's notice when the call for cartridges should come."

"Well," the expected order came about eleven o'clock. "Whip your teams into a dead run!" was my command, and I did it. We hadn't gone more than five rods when a commissary sergeant, in charge of a wagon, cut into the road ahead of us. I shouted to him to haul out.

"I'm going to the line, too," was his reply.

"But I have the right of way—

ammunition always has." At that moment we came to a wide piece of road.

"Drive past if you want to, but I'm not going to stop to let you," was the comfort the youngster gave me.

"Pass him!" was my order to the drivers. That meant a race, and a race it was until we reached a fork in the road. Then the commissary sergeant took one road and I took the other. My men soon reached the brigade detail to rush the ammunition to the line. When the two loads were disposed of, orders were given to return and be in readiness for another trip. If I remember rightly, those drivers used the lash more freely in getting back under partial cover than they did in the effort to pass the tenacious commissary sergeant. Bless me, but it was hot! A dozen brass bands couldn't have made more music than did the bullets, shot and shell Lee's men were throwing that way.

"Not long after the battle was issued doing away with the brigade ordnance sergeant. Our brigade commander sent for me. When I reached his quarters he spoke of the race in a very sober way, as though it were a serious affair, and said that the division commander had directed that I report to him at once. I began to think that the race had in some way gotten me into a scrape, and when I reached the division commander I was mighty uncomfortable. I was sure, for one thing, that the commissary sergeant had reported me.

"Sir, I am directed to report to you.

"Ordnance sergeant of the 1st brigade, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Engaged in a race the day of the battle?"

"Yes, sir; I wanted to get the ammunition to the boys as soon as possible."

"My voice was unsteady and I must have looked scared, but the general reassured me—he had selected me for division ordnance sergeant, and I was directed to report for duty that evening."

"Did you ever hear anything about your fellow-racer, the commissary sergeant?" asked some one.

"Yes, I have heard a good many things about him. His colonel thought that a commissary sergeant who would carry cooked rations to his comrades on the fighting line through such a storm as prevailed at Antietam would make a good lieutenant, and a few weeks later he was promoted. I heard from him, direct, not many months ago."

Thereupon the old Major displayed his last commission, as said, to the gentleman who signed that bit of parchment as President McKinley was the commissary sergeant."

## The Other Variety.

Freddie—Why does a runaway automobile cut up such capers?

Cohwigger—Because, my boy, it hasn't any horse-sense.—"Judge."

"Why, Dolly



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.



THE idea of the Toronto Lacrosse Club in dinging its opponents at the club-house after each match is excellent. These social reunions do much to submerge any ill-feeling aroused on the field, and to cultivate a gentlemanly and truly sportsmanlike spirit—spirit, by the way, that has been sadly needed in lacrosse circles in the past.

Last Saturday's lacrosse match between the Cornwalls and Montrals at Cornwall seems to have been as rough and rowdyish as any of those to which attention has recently been called in "Saturday Night." Weak refereeing is responsible for much of the roughness on the lacrosse field. The average referee either is too weak-backed to punish roughness with the severity it deserves, or fails to take the matter in hand until all the firmness he can muster is of no avail. In the Cornwall-Montreal match the referee was at first lenient, and strict only when the disposition to fight and slug could not be stemmed. The game was disgraced by many hand-to-hand encounters.

Since their brilliant victory over the Shamrocks the Toronto Lacrosse Club's stock for the contest with the Tecumsehs next Monday has been steadily climbing. It will probably depend largely on who can secure a lead at the start, for after that a block game may be looked for.

Parkdale did some heavy batting in the cricket match with St. Mark's last Saturday, hitting up 250 runs. Vickers 34, Goodier 34, Garrett 34, Chambers 49, and Gregory 31 (retired) were the chief contributors. The other feature of the day was Baldwin's great bowling in the Toronto-Rosedale vs. Woodbine match. Baldwin took 8 wickets for 3 runs, securing 4 wickets with 4 consecutive balls, all clean bowled. This is the best bowling record in any local match this season.

"Bat v. Ball," is the title of a little book recently published in England, which can be recommended to all who are interested in cricket records. Besides much other useful matter, it contains what is, I believe, a unique feature in the form of a complete record of every noteworthy individual performance with bat and ball during the past thirty-six years.

The remaining races in last week's regatta at Cobourg, sailed after this page went to press, resulted as follows:

Forty-footers—Vivia, 4.26.40; Clytie, 4.46.49.

Thirty-five-footers—Beaver, 3.37.50; Minota, 3.38.28; Hamilton, 3.42.10.

Twenty-five-footers—Pedro, 2.35.46; Koko, 2.38.33; Winona, 2.44.20; Illaway, 2.51.58; Pickle, 2.48.46.

Everybody was glad to see an official contradiction of the report that the Genesee's owners had refused to race her for glory and wanted a money stake, and that this was the reason why the Genesee did not appear at Cobourg. As the Rochester people are anxious to have a race off that city, it is to be hoped the Royal Canadian Yacht Club will accommodate them.

Commodore Molson's yacht Redcoat, which will defend the Seawanhaka international cup, now held by the St. Lawrence Club, is an excellent craft. The Yankee challenger, Minnesota, has arrived at Montreal. The chief difference between the two boats is that the Yankee is nearly a foot narrower, while less than two feet shorter, and tapers much more than the Canadian.

Considerable disappointment was experienced in local circles over the failure of the Argonauts' crews to bring home the honors of the Winnipeg Rowing Club's regatta. The Argonauts for some reason failed to justify expectations. The Winnipeg oarsmen certainly developed unexpected form, and it may be that they will accomplish something worth while should they visit Henley next year.

The twenty-first annual meet of the American Canoe Association, which is being held at Birch Point, Tobin's Island, Lake Rosseau, is likely to be a fine success. Many Toronto canoeists are in attendance.

The establishment of the new Harlem River course for boat races is said to have done more to boom rowing as a sport in New York than anything else that has happened in years. This is not only because the new course is a good one, much better than the old one on the lower end of the river, where the races had been held for many years, but also because on the new course the public has every opportunity to witness the sport. Almost the entire course runs alongside the Speedway, which has become one of the most popular pleasure grounds of Gotham's people.

The Argonauts' midsummer regatta was marked by



PLAYERS IN THE LAST INTERPROVINCIAL GOLF MATCH.

Taken at the Ladies' Golf Club House, Dixie.

deville, will be starred by Fred C. Whitney next season in a new play called *Dad's Own Girl*. The play is the work of two unknown dramatists—that is the reason it is likely to be a success.

The Sardou plays, owned by Clarence M. Brune, will be put out on the road next season under various management. Charles H. Clarke has recently secured the rights to *Fedora*, which he will produce in an elaborate manner. Mr. Clarke is now booking his route. The scenery, costumes and accessories used by the late Fanny Davenport will be used as the nucleus for the production. *Fedora*'s tour will extend west to the Missouri river.

## Golf.

THE tournament of the Royal Canadian Golf Association, to be held on the links of the Royal Montreal Club, in Dixie, is now taking the attention of all Canadian golfers. The secretary of the association, Mr. Hanbury A. Budden, of the Montreal Club, has arranged the official programme. The dates set are September 26th to 29th (Wednesday to Saturday). The events of the tournament are as follows:

Wednesday, September 26. 10 a.m.—Amateur Championship of Canada. First round. (Open to all bona-fide amateurs, members of clubs associated or affiliated with the Royal Canadian Golf Association, and who have resided in Canada for a period of at least six months previous to above date.) 18 holes, match play. Final round, 36 holes. Ties to be decided by the first additional hole won. Entries close 6 p.m. Tuesday, September 25. First prize, the Aberdeen cup. Second prize, silver medal. Entrance fee, \$2. In event of entries exceeding 32 in number, the committee has the right to order a preliminary round, medal play, the 16 best scores to continue. Ties to be decided by one hole.

2 p.m.—Second round, Amateur Championship.

Thursday, September 27. 10 a.m.—Third round, Amateur Championship.

2 p.m.—Fourth round, Amateur Championship.

Friday, September 28. 10 a.m.—First 18 holes, final round, Amateur Championship.

2 p.m.—Second 18 holes, final round, Amateur Championship.

Saturday, September 29. 10 a.m.—Open handicap. (Open to all members of associated or affiliated clubs of the United States Golf Association, or the Royal Canadian Golf Association.) Medal play. Ties to play the first additional hole. Handicap limited to 18 strokes. Entrance fee, \$2. First, second and third prizes. A prize will also be given by the President to the competitor making the lowest natural score.

2 p.m.—Inter-provincial match, Quebec vs. Ontario. Teams not to be over twenty or under ten players.

Entries for the championship and handicap must be made on forms provided by the Secretary, and must be in his hands not later than 6 p.m. Tuesday, September 25th. Entries for the handicap will be received at the Royal Montreal Golf Club house up to 6 p.m., Friday, September 28th. Entries must in all cases be made by club secretaries, and accompanied by fees. Rules of play will be those of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, except as modified by the local rules of the Royal Montreal Club. The address of the secretary is No. 401 New York Life Building, Montreal.

The course at Dixie is being vastly improved, and the western contingent will see a great change since they last played over the links. The course will in September embrace the full 18 holes. The greens will be put in excellent order, and the ground, which has always been hard through the number of flat stones near the surface, has been much improved. The Royal Montreal Club and the R.C.G.A. might have taken a leaf from the book of the Garden City club and the U.S.G.A., and inserted in the programme "No local rules." The application of local rules is often very disastrous to the stranger to the links.

The Women's Championship of Great Britain will next year be held on the links of the Aberdovey Club in Wales. The choice lay between the world-famed St. Anne's course and Aberdovey, and the luck fell to Wales.

Mr. C. G. Broadwood, captain of the Scarboro' Club, Ganton, England (from which club comes Harry Vardon), arrived in America last week. He will make a tour of the principal courses in the States before his return. Mr. Broadwood was invited to play in the Invitation Tournament at Shinnecock Hills, but could not accept, as his time in America would not permit of a stay of any great length in one place.

Mr. J. S. Gillespie, Canadian amateur champion in 1897, won the handicap event at the formal opening of the Long Beach G. C. His score was 0-87. He made a new record of 39 for the 9 holes. This is another instance of Canadian golf in the United States.

The annual Invitation Tournament of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club has come and gone, and so far as W. J. Travis is concerned, has served the purpose of enabling him to hang another scalp to his already well-decorated belt. The majority of the contestants were from the younger school, to one of which a good many thought Travis would succumb. The champion in some of his recent writings has prophesied that such events would repeatedly happen in the near future, so well were the younger men coming to the front. In the final round on

Friday, Travis defeated Roderick Terry in a walk, by 12 up and 11 to go. Travis went out in 36 and in 40, his score of 36 for the 9 holes breaking the record. Travis has won now so far this year: The open tournament at Atlantic City, the Metropolitan championship, the open tournament at Oakland, the amateur championship, and now the Shinnecock event! His success has been sure and steady, and been won for him through hard and consistent practice and study. His iron play is about the best in

W. H. Crane, meanwhile, is hard at work on *David Harum*. This play was produced in Syracuse in the spring with a good deal of success, but its last act was still so rickety that it has gone back to the playwright's workshop to undergo some severe alterations and repairs during the summer.

Meanwhile Julia Marlowe, at her summer home, is burrowing herself deep in the history of the Tudors. Henry Guy Carleton has finished a dramatization of *When Knights Were Bold*, and as soon as the public has tired of *Barbara Frietchie* this play will see the limelight.

Mary Johnston's two great novels, *To Have and To Hold* and *Prisoners of Hope*, have been secured by Charles Frohman, and in view of the fact that the part of *Geoffrey Landers* in *Prisoners of Hope* would suit William Faversham almost as well as the role he played in *Brother Officers*, it is fair to predict that this play will be seen at the Empire during the season. What the plans are for *To Have and To Hold* have not yet been made public. This novel contains an ideal part for Mary Manning, but the chances are that when the play is put on Margaret Anglin will be seen in the principal role.

Another dramatized book which Charles Frohman is setting great store by is *Locke's Idols*, a novel which made a stir in England by its tremendous strength, but has attracted very little notice in this country. If one-tenth of the power of the story gets into the play it will be a huge success.

But one of the most interesting of all the dramatized novels promises to be *Red Pottage*. The immense success which this story of Mary Cholmondeley's has served will make the public unusually captious with regard to the liberties which are taken with it.

Early in the season, Philadelphia is to have the first of *Weir Mitchell's The Adventures of Francois*, with Henry Dixey in the cast, and David Belasco's version of *Madam Butterfly* will take to the road to repeat the huge success which it has already scored both in New York and London.

Francis Wilson has named his new opera *Booloo Booloom*, not easy to pronounce, but an odd title. The music is by Ludwig Engle, with book by J. Cheever Goodwin.

The copyright of the new four-act romantic drama, *The Diamond Necklace*, by Robert Buchanan and Charles Marlowe, stands in the name of Lillie de Bathe, who will use it next season.

Minnie Seligman, who claims to have been offered several hundred thousand dollars or less to remain in vaudeville, will be starred by Fred C. Whitney next season in a new play called *Dad's Own Girl*. The play is the work of two unknown dramatists—that is the reason it is likely to be a success.

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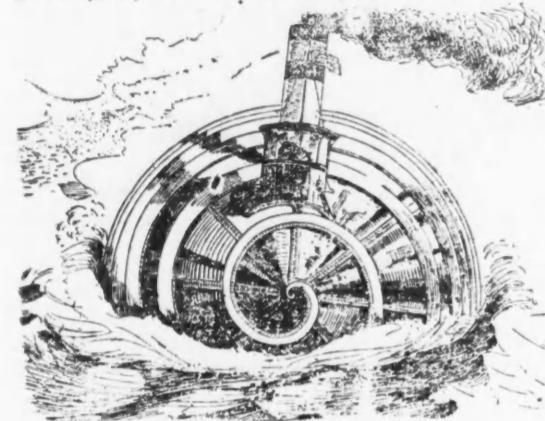
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## Sawyer's Serpentine Ship.

Mr. Knapp's Roller Boat Discounted by a Western Inventor

In these days attempts are continually being made by means of roller-boats, turbine-propellers, and such things, to hit upon a new principle in ship-building, and to attain the maximum of speed, at the minimum of cost, in navigation. The latest solution offered of the problems so often "solved" by would-be inventors comes from the breezy West. Sawyer is the name of the man who claims to have invented a craft that can make eighty miles an hour, and cross the Atlantic in three days. Minneapolis is his headquarters, and that he is not devoid of knowledge of mechanical principles is proved by the fact that he is the master mechanic of a rat-tail.

The principle of the new invention is a combination of the ingredients of railroad and marine construction. Sawyer describes his idea for himself. "The principle I apply in my invention," says he, "is an old and familiar one with marine engineers and ship-builders—the screw propeller. As used to-day the screw propeller is not a true screw, but simply a fair representation of one. Screw propellers generally are made with three or four flat arms or paddles, which represent the threads or flanges of a screw. The water in relation to these represents the nut. Hence the term screw propeller. But with this class of propeller it is utterly impossible to attain a speed of over 80 revolutions



THE SERPENTINE BOAT, BOW ON.

tions per minute in getting up a rapid movement of the vessel. Over this speed the disintegration of the nut takes place, the propeller flies around, throwing off the water and forming a vortex about it, with the result that the vessel comes to a standstill, regardless of the fact that the engines are pounding out 90 or more revolutions a minute.

The problem in shipbuilding to-day, when desiring speed, is in the construction of the body or hull. The engines are perfect. In fact, they are ahead of anything else about a ship—giving more work for the propeller than it can take care of. The shipbuilder is obliged to produce a body or hull that will make up the desired increase in speed.

"I use the screw principle, but I apply it in its complete and truest form, together with a perfectly formed and balanced hull. I believe I have produced a vessel that fills the bill for speed.

"When afloat my boat resembles the whalebacks seen on the lakes, and on the drydock it looks like nothing else but a gigantic cigar, provided with a large funnel at either end, that stands well up out of the water and serves as a conning tower or pilot house and smokestack and ventilating shafts.

"Between these funnels and completely surrounding the main hull or body is the propeller shell or screw. This revolving shell or screw is made to revolve about the hull on ball bearings which travel in a grooved collar or band screwed to the outer surface of the hull near the funnels. On the ends of the screw shell are heavy flat leather rings, which are adapted to engage three or more threads or flanges on the outer radial faces of the collars on the hull. Together with a sufficient supply of oil applied from within the hull I secure a perfectly smooth-running and water-tight



CHARLES H. SAWYER.

connection. Secured on the inner surface and at the central portion of the revolving shell are steel ribs or tracks constructed of railroad rails. The engines are carried within the hull or body at its lowest portion. The floor of the hull is slotted at the place over the tracks to allow the driving wheels of the engine to engage the track or ribs. Power then is transmitted to the screw shell by friction. This is the principle of the locomotive and rails reversed, wherein the engine stands fast and the rails travel forward, or rather the principle of the testing platform used in almost all of the locomotive shops. About the outer surface of the screw shell are wound two or three steel flanges, making three turns around in the length of the shell. This gives me a perfect screw propeller and one that is always entering solid water, which is not the case with the rear propeller, which has to struggle with broken and eddied water, made so by the hull in front of it.

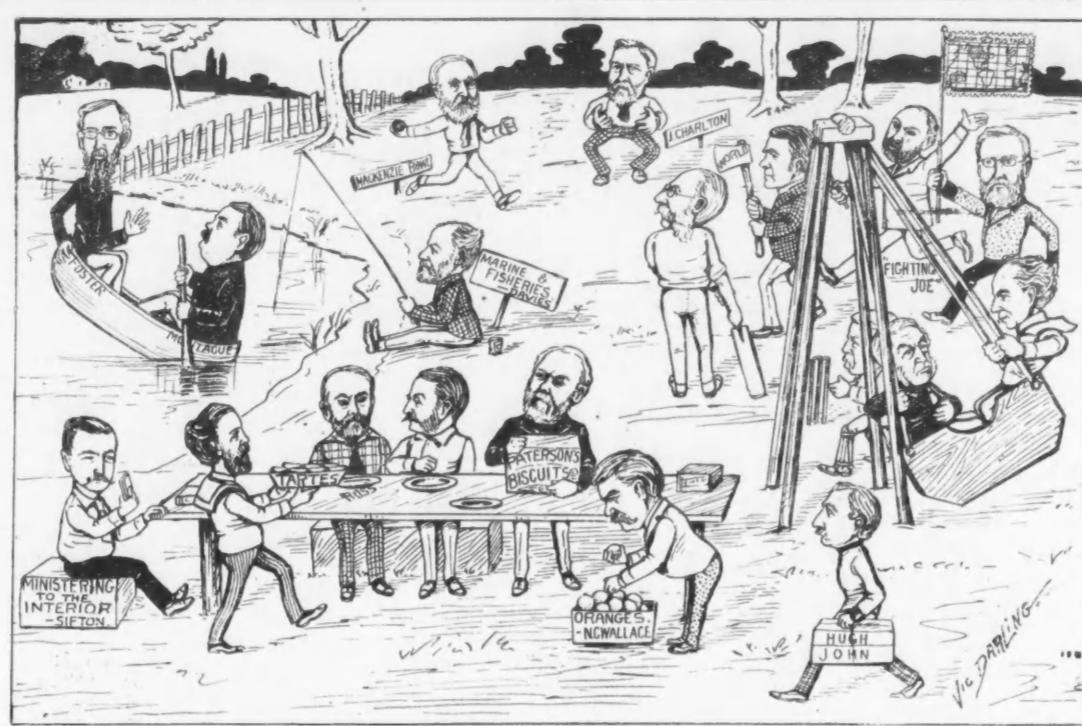
"I provide protection for the flanges on that portion of the screw shell which stands above the water line by a shell or back. This shell is made to provide an upper deck and promenade and is used the same as the decks of all vessels are used.

"I claim a high rate of speed for this type of vessel from the fact that in three revolutions of the screw shell the boat travels one length ahead, and the speed is limited only by the engines and material in its make-up.

"I have experimented with a small-sized one for some time, and have always found it on top and ready for business. At present I am building one for pleasure capable of carrying fifteen or twenty persons on the promenade deck, which I intend putting on the lakes near Minneapolis."

## Superior in Vowels.

TRAVELLER returned from Mexico says he overheard a remarkable discussion, while dining in a restaurant. At the table next to him sat a party consisting of a Frenchman, a German, an Italian, a couple of Mexicans, and a Scotchman. The conversation turned upon the compara-



"SATURDAY NIGHT'S" ANNUAL POLITICAL PICNIC.

tive beauty of language. Each one of the party contended that his own language was the superior of all others. The German based his contention upon the wonderful strength and self-sufficiency of the German language and the virile character of its thoughts and its literature. The Frenchman claimed that the French language not only had no superior, but no equal, in its ability to express all thoughts accurately and with true beauty and depth of feeling.

The Italian and one of the Mexicans each claimed one beauty to which no other language could lay claim, the beauty of sonorous sound. The battle waxed hot between these two, the Mexican maintaining that Spanish had more true full vowel sounds than any other living language.

Finally, both appealed the matter to the Scotchman, who had, contrary to the characteristics of his race, not taken any part in the discussion, good, bad or indifferent.

Sandy scratched his head for a moment, as though reflecting deeply; then he said: "Ah, weel, A dinna ken but wha' ye'll be baith richt, for ye ocht to ken yer ain langwidg weel. But when it comes to talkin' o' vowel sounds A dinna ken ony langwidg that ken coom oop to that Scotch. A'll jist give ye a wee story that illustrates wha' A wad tell ye.

"A mon ance went into a store in Dunkirk, an' catched a piece o' cloth between his fingers an' his thumb an' he said to the storekeeper:

"'Oo?'  
"And the storekeeper said: 'Ay, oo.'  
"Ay oo?" said the mon.  
"Ay, ay oo," answered the storekeeper.

"'Ay a oo?' asked the mon.

"'Ay, ay a oo," said the storekeeper.

"There's a complete business transaction carried on wi'out the use o' a single consonant sound. A dinna ken if either Italian or Spanish or any ither langwidg can equal that."

The above story, as told by the Scotchman, is here given with the representation of the sounds of the words, in preference to the Scotch spelling, which might not be familiar to some of the readers. The translation of the conversation which took place between the merchant and his customer is as follows:

"'Wool (oo)?'  
"Yes, wool (ay, oo)."  
"All wool (aw oo)?"  
"Yes, all wool (ay, aw oo)."  
"All one wool (ay, a oo)?"  
"Yes, all one wool (ay, aw a oo)."

## Man, Thirsty Man!

OFTEN have heard the Darwinians assert

That man from the apes was descended,

That he hung in the trees and swung in the breeze

Ere his caudal affixture was ended;

That the coconut served him for food and for drink,

Ere he learned to boil soup and wash dishes—

But to me it appears there's good reason to think

That mankind are descended from fishes.

Let us take a few types. There's the oyster, the eel,

The sucker, the contrite crustacean,

Each a likeness asserting, most odd and diverting,

To your friends in life's peregrination.

There's the goldfish and shiner who bask in the wealth

That pertains but to this life—no other!

And the shark who approaches in silence and stealth,

With intent to devour his brother.

We have all seen the cod, whose career is a joke,

And the jellyfish, lacking decision,

And the cuttlefish, who, when there's fighting to do,

Fouls the waters and laughs in derision.

The mud-cat is only a stick-in-the-mud,

The trout represents the Four Hundred—

He's exclusive and thinks he's too smart to be "caught."

But discovers sometimes he has blundered.

The analogy further could easily be pressed

To prove how the race is descended—

At all times a scaly and slippery tribe,

Most oddly related and blended.

Re the cocoanut diet, let scientists think

What they please, if the thought suits their wishes.

But man always has drunken and always will drink—

Crowning proof he's derived from the fishes.

LANCE.

## Defense of Plagiarism.

THEVERY is the basis of all progress, while honesty is simply that which restrains others until we have had a chance to enjoy our plunder, is the interesting contention of a writer in "Ainslee's Magazine." Now this is an excellent thing as far as things concrete are concerned, but entirely harmful when applied to abstractions.

To state the matter briefly, truth and beauty are eternal, and the most any man can do is to become conscious of them. A truth is in no wise affected by man's discovery of it except inasmuch as he mars it by stamping it with his own individuality, but he is affected by it. It widens his mental horizon as it does that of every one who plagiarizes from him. The more it is stolen, the more it is increased, and it is entirely impossible for any man successfully to lay claim to it as being peculiarly his own. Every fundamental idea belongs to the race as a whole, just as does a word. Some man may be the medium through which it finds expression, but it in no sense belongs to him. He could not have thought out his new idea if he had not

people said and sang: "It's the man behind the gun who does the work." Now it's the man behind the gun who's on the pork.

The Celestial Empire, they say, has no post-office. A country where a fellow can't be dimmed or made love to by letter can't be so far down in the scale of civilization, after all.

## How Granny Reads Her Omar.

ESTILLY'S dandylines is shut, that's so;

An' where last evenin' shower is, I dunno—

But never min'—the buttercups is out,

An' sunshine's what we need to make things grow.

Come, now! cheer up an' have a cup o' tea!

Things ain't so hard's you make 'em out to be.

Be happy while you can; time ain't so long.

But what it soon must end fer you an' me.

Some wants the earth. Yes; an' there do be some

That's everlastin' wantin' Kingdom Come—

You hang to what you've got, an' leave the rest.

To them as ain't contented here at hum.

You neen'ter think the worl's a-goin' ter know

About it, when you quit this earth below;

There's several others died since Time began,

An' likely others will keep doin' so.

Oh, well, o' course, if we could shift the plan

O' Heaven an' Earth, to meet the mind o' man,

We might be happy fer awhile—but laws!

Folks ain't been suited since the worl' began!

'Twon't pleasure me ter have you mourn fer me—

I'd ruther you'd be happy, as I be,

So when you pass my empty place, jest stop

An' laugh a little laugh fer me to see.

—Mary Youngs in "Scribner's."

## Anonymous Love-Letters.

EVERY man who fills an effective public position has an especially good opportunity for moralizing upon feminine frivolity and frailness. A handsome actor, a good-looking, popular preacher, a charming singer, finds the women go down before him much

as the ladies do before the hero of *Patience*. Good looks are not always necessary, though, as a rule, women prefer their idols to be handsome. Excessive notoriety will do instead. The men who go through society worshipped and adored by the women, must indeed be inclined to adopt the true Guy Livingstonian view of the other sex. These ladies who sneak after the man of mushroom notoriety—imploring him to come to their afternoons, begging him for his photograph, or a copy of his poems, or an autograph letter, or a lock of his hair—must appear to him very "poor little beasts" indeed. But however he may despise them, he can, to a certain extent, understand their motives. They want other women to see him talking to them, to meet him at their houses, to be aware that he has written letters to them, and given them his photograph. The idea these people entertain must be that they obtain a second-hand distinction by being associated in people's minds with the idol of the hour. Women have from all time regarded it as sufficient honor for them-selves to be the favorites of great men. This is but a modern rendering of the old story. They have made it the fashion to sit in adoring circles round their hero, and gaze upon him with meek eyes of wonder, much as if he were a Persian prince, and they his humble slaves, *out there is none of the charm of danger in this, and perhaps not much excitement; for it is all done in public, and has become a prominent feature in the programme of most drawing-room entertainments.*

But this open form of hero worship does not satisfy the hearts of all. There are dainty intrigues who desire more, who hunger for excitement, and thirst after the delights of danger. The spoiled favorites of the public regard the women who openly worship them as pleasantly intelligible and wholesome, compared to the others who tease and perplex them by mysterious modes of address. Probably no conspicuous actor, singer, or preacher has succeeded in escaping that strange and exciting missive, the anonymous love-letter. These processions are especially the victims of feminine adoration; there is something peculiarly fascinating to a woman's mind in a personal appearance before the public. The average run of women appreciate the charm of physique much more readily than the power of brains, or even of genius. Thus, men of letters, of science, composers, and artists commonly escape the affliction of feminine worship in great abundance. But the man who has a romantic appearance, a charming manner, and has used his brains to make these gifts of nature agreeable to the public, becomes at once a target for the eyes of the women. They have only to go to a certain public place any day, any night, and they can contemplate their idol at leisure. But consider when a whole theater or opera house full of people are admiring this man at a distance, how exciting it would be to be one singled out of the crowd—to have such a sweet and secret understanding with this hero!

"Who on earth are the women who write me these letters?" said a well-known actor only the other day. "Here is one who says she is dying of love for me, though she had only seen me twice on the stage. I am constantly getting these things; but I don't care about love-letters from women I don't know. Who can they be?"

Early answered: When *Anonyma* writes a letter of this kind she can venture to sign it; but women who have names dare not use them. These foolish creatures, who excite themselves over one-sided intrigues, belong to good families, have reputations that can not be sacrificed, and are made intensely timid and vacillating by their education and surroundings. They long for the forbidden things of the outer world—for the excitement of unknown adventure, the thrill of unfamiliar danger. They have an innate tendency toward intrigue, and a taste for secret passions. They long for the experience of some desperate amour; but they have not the courage to carry out any of these adventures, which seem to them so appetizing. They yearn silently after the unattainable; but they cannot refrain from dabbling with it.

Augusta looks at her own blonde beauty in the glass when she comes home from the theater, and wonders whether that dark hero thought her handsomer than the other women in the stalls. He certainly looked at her. Oh, if she could only tell him how she admires him! How she could love him if she might! Why not tell him? The fond fool writes her letter. A terror, the fear of a true coward who has not the courage of her convictions, seizes her when she comes to the signature. She leaves it un-written. But the theater has a new, a strange excitement for her now. He has had her letter; he has read it; perhaps it is in his pocket; perhaps he keeps it next his heart. She forgets that the actor gets love-letters in the same quantity as a person gets slippers. He could not well carry them about with him. Augusta writes again; it relieves her heart. She tells him when she will be at the theater. It is so delightful to fancy him looking for her. And so she holds her dream at arm's length, reveling in it as heartily as any open sinner, but never daring to avow it. She has a delicious excitement sometimes, when she tells herself that one day she will sign a letter. But that day never comes. She is utterly frail at heart, and she has one good quality less than the open sinners. She has no courage. She resigns herself to the "daily round, the common task," merely because she has not the pluck to brave society, to horrify her mother-in-law, and amaze her aunt. After all, the men who get these amorous epistles need not grieve that they are unsigned. The woman who will write an anonymous love-letter, though she may be a duchess or a princess, is not worth knowing—certainly not worth loving.—San Francisco "Argonaut."

It is no contradiction of terms to say that the plain-looking old maid is a matchless woman.



## TRANSPORTATION-RAIL AND WATER.

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.

Aller..... Saturday, Aug. 11, 10 a.m.  
Lahn..... Tuesday, Aug. 14, 10 a.m.  
Trave..... Saturday, Aug. 18, 10 a.m.  
Kaisersl Maria Theresia, Tuesday, Aug. 21, 10 a.m.  
Aller..... Saturday, Sept. 1, 10 a.m.  
Kaisers Wm. der Gross, Tuesday, Sept. 4, 10 a.m.  
New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.

Barbara..... Thursday, Aug. 16, 10 a.m.  
Koenig Luise..... Thursday, Aug. 23, 10 a.m.  
Frederick der Gross, Thursday, Aug. 30, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR NAPLES, GENOA

Kaiser Wm. II, August 18; Emp. Wm. II, September 1; Werra, September 13; Kaiser Wm. II, September 22; Ems, October 6.

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Westbound..... Aug. 15 Paris..... Aug. 15

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Returning, leave New York 8:30 a.m., arrive Buffalo 4:45 p.m., thus making the run of 440 miles in eight hours and fifteen minutes. See that your tickets read by the great four track line, and you have the best.

## Chicago and Return.

On August 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th the Wabash Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets from Niagara Falls, N.Y., or Detroit to Chicago at over \$2 less than the one-way fare tickets good to return August 31st. By payment of 50 cents to joint agent at Chicago tickets can be extended until September 30th, 1900. Four solid wide vestibuled trains each way daily to Chicago, without change. Full particulars at Wabash Office, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent.

## Anecdotal.

When Li Hung Chang visited Germany a few years ago, the Kaiser asked him, "How do our women compare with those of China?" "I really can not tell," said Li, slyly, fastening his eyes on the corsage of a lady who was present; "we never see half as much of our women as you do of yours."

At the Church of Stratfieldsaye, where the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant, a stranger was preaching, and when he ended the service went up the stairs, opened the panel door a little way, slammed it to, and then opened it wide for the preacher to go out. The preacher asked the usher in the vestry why he had shut the door again while opening it, and the usher replied, "We always do that, sir, to wake the duke."

One of the two delegations from Montana to the National Democratic Convention at Kansas City was horror-stricken to discover that the man who had painted the banner pointing out their headquarters spelled it "Montanna." Martin Maginnis was reminded of a story when he learned of the mistake. "A Missourian once came to Montana," said he, "and, finding himself in difficulties, consulted one of our prominent lawyers. As a preface he asked of the lawyer, 'Can you read writing?' 'No,' the lawyer answered, 'I can't even read reading.' I don't think your artist out here," said Mr. Maginnis, "can paint painting!" The Montana men got a new banner at once.

Many years ago two bishops were entertained by a hostess, who, after dinner, caused to be handed to them

## JUST ISSUED

## Tyrrell's Society Blue Book.

This annual publication contains a complete list of society folk in Toronto, Hamilton and London, with much valuable information usually found in a Social Register.

With the addresses and special features of the leading houses that particularly cater for the exclusive and refined tastes asked for by cultured people.

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"The Bookshop."

No. 8 King St. West.



Mr. Grasshopper—Oh! I just love dancing! We are going to give a big hop to-night.

under my control. Oh, I am having a real holiday, with the lake and the woods and the farm creatures and the silly jokes of the little dame, played upon the just and the unjust, and the luxurious yacht rushing through the sparkling lake, dodging corners, playing bo-peep among the islands, darting through the swing bridge, flirting in and out of city docks, while we dream on deck and sip wondrous drinks, and play muggins and various other harmless games, and take short runs ashore for some dainty or book or fruit, and eat—verily, we seem to be always at it!

The Atlanta "Journal" tells of an old man in Georgia named Jack Baldwin, who, having lost his bat in an old dry well one day, hitched a rope to a stump and let himself down. A wicked wag named Neal came along just then, and, quietly detaching a bell from Baldwin's old blind horse, approached the well, bell in hand, and began to sing-a-long. Jack thought the old horse was coming, and said: "Hang the old blind horse; he's coming this way, sure, and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in me—whoo, Ball!" The sound came closer. "Great Jezebel! The old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minute—whoo, Ball—whoo, Ball!" Neal a little dirt on Jack's head and Jack began to pray: "Oh, Lord, have mercy on—whoo, Ball—a poor sinner, I'm going now—whoo, Ball—our Father, who art in—whoa, Ball—hallelujah be thy—geez, Ball!" (Just then in fell more dirt.) "Oh, Lord, if you ever intend to do anything for me—haha, Ball! whoa, thy kingdom come—geez, Ball! Oh, Lord, you know I was baptize in Smith's mill-dam—whoo, Ball; hot up! murder! whoa!" Neal could hold in no longer, and shouted a laugh which might have been heard two miles, which was about as far as Jack chased him when he got out.

One reminder of civilization we have—a telephone—which is constructed and run with an originality to which one needs to become accustomed. One wire does for the whole island. Every bell rings when one is called up; anyone may make one self acquainted with the affairs of anyone else by simply listening. Naturally the calls are somewhat complicated in order to be recognized by the "callee." Four short rings and a long one, five long ones, any telegraphic mixture you like, is perpetually banging off at my ear as I write, and no doubt some interesting items of island gossip are at my disposal. At first everyone used to run and listen as soon as any call rang, and life was full of interest and excitement which habitude has caused to pall. Compared with the occasional glimpses into one another's business we enjoy when Central mixes up the wires at home, this is as the "open door" is to the present warlike attitude of China.

I am in love with a beautiful little old clock, which ticks inaudibly under a glass shade in the corner of my room. Such an aristocrat among time-pieces is this little old thing with its Grecian temple pillars of black and its fair little white face with a border of chased gold, just peeping from under the golden frieze of the temple, and its large pendulum all gold, with a harp hung from slender wires above the slowly-swinging disk. In the night, it wakes me with its gentle little silvery chimes, halting, skipping a stroke, like an old, old ladykin, short of breath and with some of her voice vanished; it is half an hour fast, and it strikes the wrong hour, just one too little, every time; the privileges of age belong to the dainty clock, which in its wilfulness of miscalculation and wrong assertion is so like some charming self-satisfied mistaken old marquise who will have it so, whether it is or not. The ladyclock was bought long, long ago, at the wedding home-coming of the grandparents, and if it chimes crazy hours and points behind time, one forgives it because it is so precious and so dainty and so very old.

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Out flew a chubby Anderson fist and struck a Presbyterian eye. There was a mixup immediately.

Now it's 'trespasses,' ain't it?" "No," said she, stoutly. "It's 'debits,'" Peace was restored, and the two consented to go on with the prayer. When they came to the end the little Presbyterian said "Amen," giving the flat "a" of the disconcerted, while the little Episcopalian intoned "Ah-men," with the broad sound to the first vowel.

"Amen," repeated the Presbyterian. "Ah-men," said Miss Anderson, with conviction.

They were only saved from another encounter by being bundled into bed. As the door was closed upon them each was still maintaining her idea of pronunciation.

Dolce Far Niente in Far Vermont.

**T**o do nothing for ever and ever" was the hard-working old woman's idea of heaven, a state of bliss indeed to the toilers and the toilers. The holiday of the workingman needs not much arranging. Nine times out of ten it means a good long sleep, a good big dinner, plenty (sometimes overplenty) to drink, and an awakening next day, greedy, grumpy and upset, to resume the grind. If the workingman goes away from town with a tribe of youngsters and an overburdened wife, it means a holiday of real hard labor, developing homicidal visions if the man be nervous and high-strung. There is something infinitely pathetic in the holiday of the workingman. It must have been the father of ten who dubbed it labor day, don't you think? And nevertheless, he would be the first to resent sympathy about it, in his sturdy, determined philosophy of living.

To do nothing for even a week is a great good, only to be attained in my experience aboard a slow-going ocean steamer. I have been doing nothing for a week, not even reading the news, not knowing where the English army is, nor if the legations are safe in Pekin, nor whether the Empress took the poison, or Li Hung Chang is assassinated. For the first day I physically rested, floating over a sky-blue lake in a snowy little yacht with good cheer and good company, and the picture of the Eastern States for scenery lying in the offing. The second day I wakened up enough to quarrel a bit with myself and the company. I grew vaguely homesick, and watched for the mail. No mail came. We are twenty-five miles from a mail ashore, and afloat we never think of earthly things. The third day a subtle consciousness of luxury and peace came. The fourth day I didn't care if I never went back, and so on, until at the week end I had quite rested up and was ready for anything. My letters have miscarried. Why fret about them? My work has consequently not been done. Blen! the mails aren't

to do with me, and I am not to do with the world.

LADY GAY.

Literature of Whiskers.

It happens in many cases that what a man professes as his calling is not by any means the significant thing he does. Thus we find that while many profess to practice the art of literature they raise whiskers or hair on the side, and the really significant thing they do is raising whiskers or hair, or both. They may be able exponents of the Van Dyke beard or the Samson locks without making any claim in that direction. But the difficulty is that they almost to a man make great claims regarding literature, and only the most discerning and fearless critics are able to brush them aside and give them their due.—From "Ainsles Magazine."

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Correspondents, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not.

Inex. 1. It is lovely, thank you, my nice little friend. There is a lake dotted with large and small islands, a charming country house, good company and a dream of a yacht to go dandering here and there as the fancy takes us. 2. Your little study is not very decided nor very prudent, nor very anything, but sweet, gentle and a tiny bit sentimental, and with good clear sequence of ideas and a generally cheerful way of meeting life. Not much to tell. How do you enjoy this summer? Won't you write and tell me?

Harassed.—There are strong lines of dependency in this study, and writer is not at all given to culture or self-discipline. The impulse is morbid and the nature out of tune. You ask are you jealous. You may very easily be so with other traits, and if you are it is more than likely you haven't any cause. Your own character needs so badly to be gentled and sweetened that you will not be able to do anything else if you take it in hand. It is hard to pick so crude and careless a study to pieces.

Jasper.—I am much obliged for the warning. If you will read this column you will see I have passed it on. As you say, a fine head of hair is a glory, and so long as one keeps it clean and smooth and sufficiently soft it may as well go grey when the time comes, but not sooner.

description. Take it to some smart dressmakers and ask them what they think. Stitt, Cato, Miss Johnston, Miss Armstrong—all within a few blocks of each other in King street, might wish to see it and give you the chance to show it to them. The Ladies' Work Depository in King street west might also assist you. Some very smart women are interested in that place.

E Meglio tardi che mai—I should say so! Do you fancy one is going to wait forever for an answer? Thank you very much for getting the information, even though I had to hunt it up myself weeks ago. The address is the same, and the person is one of our subscribers, though at present out of the city. Be very, very careful about those much-praised hair topics. Two young ladies, not a fortnight ago, bewailed in my hearing having had anything to do with them, as they had turned their hair quite grey. I saw myself that this was the case, so I think best to warn you. What suits one head or hair will play old hob with another.

Jasper.—I am much obliged for the warning. If you will read this column you will see I have passed it on. As you say, a fine head of hair is a glory, and so long as one keeps it clean and smooth and sufficiently soft it may as well go grey when the time comes, but not sooner.

## JEFFREY'S LIQUID RENNET

Junket made from this Liquid Rennet is a wholesome and easily prepared dish for Dessert or Tea Table. The lightest and most grateful diet for Invalids and Children.

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The summer was at August, The sea was in a lull, From Sicily to Gurnet, From Mahomed to Hull. It was the tranquil hour Of earth's expectancy, When we lay on the wishing sands Beside the sleeping sea, We saw the scarlet moon rise And light the pale grey land; We heard the whisper of the tide, The sighing of the sand, I felt the ardent flutter

Little Grasshopper.—Such a grateful little hopper you are! And full of high thoughts and ambitions, and oh, how you love a rule. Don't fret about "how others see you." What do I know that this is not all imagination? What proof do you give?" "This proof," he said, seizing her wrist with a burning clutch. The pain awoke her. She was alone.

But Lady Tyrone knew soon after that he had died at that hour, and for ever afterwards she wore a broad, black velvet band about her wrist to hide the scar that fiery grip had left. Lady Cork asserts to this day that she has seen a portrait of Lady Tyrone with that queer broad band about her wrist, but declares that the picture was sent to be cleaned, and that the tradesman, fancying the black band was an addition, and an unlucky one, carefully removed it, and the picture of the fair and frail creature now at Howth Castle has no black band and no scar from this untoward circumstance.

**The Fable of the Preacher.***Who Flew His Kite, but not Because He Wished to Do So.*

**A**CERTAIN Preacher became wise to the fact that he was not making a hit with his congregation. The parishioners did not seem inclined to seek him out after services and tell him he was a Pansy. He suspected that they were Rapping him on the Quiet.

The Preacher knew there must be something wrong with his talk. He had been trying to expound in a clear and straightforward manner, omitting foreign quotations, setting up for illustration of his points such historical characters as were familiar to his hearers, putting the stubby old English words ahead of the Latin, and rather flying low along the intellectual plane of the aggregation that chipped in to pay his salary.

But the Pew-Holders were not tickled. They could understand everything he said, and they began to think he was Common.

So he studied the situation and decided that if he wanted to win them and make everybody believe he was a Nobby and Boss Minister he would have to hand out a little Guff. He fixed it up Good and Plenty.

On the following Sunday morning he got up in the look-out and read a text that didn't mean anything, read from either direction, and then he sized up his flock with a dreamy eye and said: "We cannot more adequately voice the poetry and mysticism of our text than in those familiar lines of the great Icelandic poet, Ikon Navrojk:

"To hold is not to have—  
Under the seared firmament,  
Where Chaos sweeps, and vast futurity  
Sneers at these puny aspirations—  
There is the full reprisal."

When the Preacher concluded this extract from the well-known Icelandic poet he paused and looked downward, breathing heavily through his nose, like Camille in the third act.

A stout woman in the front row put on her eye-glasses and leaned forward so as not to miss anything. A venerable harness dealer over at the right nodded his head solemnly. He seemed to recognize the quotation. Members of the congregation glanced at one another as if to say: "This is certainly hot stuff."

The Preacher wiped his brow and said he had no doubt that every one within the sound of his voice remembered what Quarolius had said, following the same line of thought. It was Quarolius who disputed the contention of the great Persian theologian Ramatuk, that the soul in its reaching out after the unknowable was guided by the spiritual genesis of motive rather than by mere impulse of mentality. The Preacher didn't know what all this meant, and he didn't care, but you can rest easy that the Pew-Holders were on in just the way that Cyrano talks when he gets Roxane so dizzy that she nearly falls off the plazza.

The parishioners bit their lower lips and hungered for more first-class language. They had paid their money for tall talk and were prepared to solve any and all styles of delivery. They held on to the cushions and seemed to be having a nice time.

Whisper and talked about the birds and the flowers. Then, although there was no cue for him to weep, he shed a few real tears. And there wasn't a dry glove in the church.

After he sat down he could tell by the scared look of the people in front that he had made a ten-strike. Did they give him the joyous talk that day? Sure!

The stout lady could not control her feelings when she told how much the sermon had helped her. The venerable harness dealer said he wished to endorse the able and scholarly criticism of Polenta.

In fact, every one said the sermon was superfine and dandy. The only thing that worried the congregation was the fear that if it wished to retain such a whale it might have to cost his salary.

In the meantime the Preacher waited for some one to come and ask about Polenta, Amelius, Ramatzuk, Quarolius and the great Icelandic poet, Navrojk. But no one had the face to step up and confess his ignorance of these celebrities. The Pew-Holders didn't even admit among themselves that the Preacher had rung in some new ones. They stood pat, and merely said it was an elegant sermon.

Perceiving that they would stand for anything, the Preacher knew what to do after that. Moral: Give the people what they think they want. From "Fables in Slang," by George Ade.

**Advertising Prize-Winners.**

We learn from the last number of the "Assistant Manager" that the Canada Cycle and Motor Company recently arranged an advertising contest for their agents. The idea was eagerly adopted by the representatives of the company in all parts of the country, and many of the advertisements submitted were worthy of cosmopolitan classification. This is a good means of stimulating thought on the part of agents and increasing their interest in the success of the business they represent, and the Canada Cycle and Motor Company have shown their enterprise and originality in adopting an idea obviously so excellent. The winners are as follows, the first prize in each case being \$25, the second \$10, and third \$5:

Welland Vale contest—First, H. G. Kitchen, Frederaton, N.B.; second, W. H. Whillans, Ottawa; third, Joseph Pequenat, Guelph.

Gedron contest—First, W. F. Cober, Galt; second, J. O. Stinson, Chesley; third, Richard Simpson Co., Toronto.

Cleveland contest—First, C. J. Mitchell, Brantford; second, C. R. Banks, Paris; third, Jones & Anderson, Wyo-



Lady—The dog you sold me last week came very near eating my little boy.  
Dealer—Well, you said you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you?

**Dooley on the Chinese Situation.**

"**U**ELI, sir," said Mr. Hennings, "to think iv th audacity iv th Chinaman! It do bate all." "It do that," said Mr. Dooley. "It bates th' wurruld. An' what's it comin' to? You an' me looks at a Chinaman as though he wasn't good for anything but washin' shirts, an' not very good at that. 'Tis wan iv th spoors iv th' youth iv our grreat cities to rowl an' impt' beer-keg down th' steps iv a Chine laundry, an' if e'er a Chinaman come out to resist it they'd take him be th' pigtail an' do th' joant swing with him. But th' Chinaman at home's a diff'rent la-ad. He's with his friends an' they're manny iv him, an' he's rowlin' th' beer-kegs himself, an' Western Civilization is down in th' laundry wondhrin' whin the police'll come along."

"The Lord frgiv me fr sayin' it, Hinnissy, but if I was a Chinaman, which I will fight any man fr sayin', an' was livin' at home, I'd tuck me shirt into me pants, put me braid up in a net an' go out an' take a fall out iv th' in-vader if it cost me life. Here am I, Hop Lung-Dooley, r-runnin' me little liquor-store an' p'raps raisin' a family in th' town iv Koochoo. I don't like foreigners there any more thin I do here. Along comes a baldheaded man with chin whiskers from Baraboo, Wisconsin, an' says he: 'Begging an' baythien Dooley,' says he, 'ye have no God!' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'this thing has gone far enough.' I says, 'I've heard me good' 'oast-iron gods or josses abused.' I says, 'an' I've been packed full iv canned goods, an' th' Peking Lightning Express is r-runnin' straight through th' lot wher th' bones iv my ancestors lies, I says. 'I've stud it all,' I says, 'but while ye come here to bounce me off iv my own primises,' I says, 'I'll have to take th' leg iv th' chair to ye.' I says, 'An' we're to th' flure.'

"That's the way it stands in Chinny, Hinnissy, an' it looks to me as though Western Civilization was in fr a bumph. I mind wanst whin a rambunctious prize-fighter come up th' r-road to sleep on Slavin's steps. Some iv th' good, strhong la-ad's came along an' they were near hel' at blows over who shud have his watch an' who shud take his hat. While they were debatin' he woke up an' begin cuttin' loose with hands an' feet, an' when he got through he made a collection iv th' things they droppen in escapin', an' marched ca'mly down th' street. Mebbe 'twll tur-ron out so in Chinny, Hinnissy. I see by th' pa-apers that they're four hundred millionys iv thim boys, an' bivilys, 'twouldn't surprise me if when they got through bat'ing us at home, they might say to themselves, 'Well, here goes fr a jaunt ar-round th' wurruld.' Th' time may come, Hinnissy, whin ye'll be squilin' wather over Hop Lee's shirt, while a man named Chow Fung kicks down ye'r sign an' heaves rocks through ye'r windy. Th' time may come, Hinnissy. Who knows?"

"End ye'r blather," said Mr. Hennings. "They won't be anny Chinymen left whin Imp'r William gets through." "Mebbe not," says Mr. Dooley. "He's a strhong man, but th' Chinymen have been on earth a long time, an' I don't see how we can push so manny iv them off iv th' wall. Anyhow, 'tis a good thing fr us they ain't Christians an' haven't learned properly to sight a gun."

**Where the Spankweed Grows**

There's a corner in our garden, but my nurse won't tell me where.

That little boys must never see, but always must beware.

And in that corner, all the year, in rows,

and rows, and rows,

A dreadful little flower called the Spankweed

Grows!

My nurse says that if a boy who doesn't

wash his face, or pulls his little sister's hair, should ever find this place,

The Spankweed just would jump at him,

and dust his little clo'es.

Oh, it's never safe for fellers where the Spankweed

Grows!

Some day I'll get the sickle from our hired man, and then

I'll go and find that Spankweed place—

It's somewhere in the gien;

And when I get a swingin' it an' puttin' in my blows,

I bet there'll be excitement where the Spankweed

Grows!

—PAUL WEST.

An idea must feel awfully lonesome when it gets into some people's heads,

**ASK FOR  
Labatt's  
(LONDON)**

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.

Decrease the Coal Bill and Increase Your Comfort by using a

**Famous Baseburner**

Three sizes without oven. Two sizes with oven. Every stove a double heater.

One third more heating surface than any other. Fire passes through three flues, while other stoves have only two, thus securing one third more heat from the same fuel. Parlor stoves draw the cold air off the floor.

Removable firepot; flat or duplex grates; removable nickel jackets. The oven bakes perfectly.

You run no risk, we guarantee them.

The handsomest Baseburner in Canada

Pamphlet free from our local agent or our nearest house.

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG AND VICTORIA.

**THE McClary MFG. CO.****Transplanted Scotchmen.**

**A**CORRESPONDENT to the "Outlook" suggests that it is a great pity that Sir James Crichton-Browne has not further investigated his theory of the Scottish descent of the Boers. "Cronje, he has told us, is a MacCrone. But what a pity he should stop at that! Louis Botha is really a Bothwell, the De Weis, of course, are Watts, Steyn is a Steen, but, most glorious instance of all, Kruger is a MacGregor. Indeed, Sir James might have given a convincing parallel. The Highlands of Scotland and the Transvaal are similar—each abounds with wild hills and big men with rugged whiskers. Then, again, in both places the men take whisky and the women snuff. The evidence that the Boers are all Scotsmen becomes irresistible when we examine their strategy, which is that of Wullie Wallace and Sir David Leslie. Wullie let the English bodies cross Stirling Brig and then beat them back with great slaughter. Didn't the Boers do the same thing at the Tugela? Who was the first man to invent koppies as a munition of war? The answer is Leslie. He entrenched himself on a hill and when the English attacked him they wished that they hadn't. His Transvaal descendants have not forgotten the lesson. But, most convincing argument of all—the Irish regiments have suffered most in this war because a Scotsman never loved an Irishman and never will. The loss of the Highland Brigade at Magersfontein was due to the fact that Lord Methuen made the tactical error of permitting the brigade to advance without a slogan. If this had been done the Highlanders would have been received with "whisky" and open arms instead of Mauser bullets. But to think of the grand old name of Macgregor being changed to Kruger! The war, surely, is a visitation of Providence on the Boers for disguising their Scottish descent."

That's the way it stands in Chinny, Hinnissy, an' it looks to me as though Western Civilization was in fr a bumph. I mind wanst whin a rambunctious prize-fighter come up th' r-road to sleep on Slavin's steps. Some iv th' good, strhong la-ad's came along an' they were near hel' at blows over who shud have his watch an' who shud take his hat. While they were debatin' he woke up an' begin cuttin' loose with hands an' feet, an' when he got through he made a collection iv th' things they droppen in escapin', an' marched ca'mly down th' street. Mebbe 'twll tur-ron out so in Chinny, Hinnissy. I see by th' pa-apers that they're four hundred millionys iv thim boys, an' bivilys, 'twouldn't surprise me if when they got through bat'ing us at home, they might say to themselves, 'Well, here goes fr a jaunt ar-round th' wurruld.' Th' time may come, Hinnissy. Who knows?"

"End ye'r blather," said Mr. Hennings. "They won't be anny Chinymen left whin Imp'r William gets through."

"Mebbe not," says Mr. Dooley. "He's a strhong man, but th' Chinymen have been on earth a long time, an' I don't see how we can push so manny iv them off iv th' wall. Anyhow, 'tis a good thing fr us they ain't Christians an' haven't learned properly to sight a gun."

**Some Interesting Opinions.**

**T**HE "Revue des Revues" has been asking various well-known persons, from the Queen of Roumania to Dr. Max Nordau, their opinion of athletics and outdoor pastimes generally for women.

"Carmen Sylva" thinks that the modern woman is quite at liberty to go in for all sports of the day, but here follows a somewhat large order:

"So long as she remains gracious and touching like Sakuntala, succeeds the distressed like St. Genevieve, sings and plays like St. Cecilia, brings up her children like Blanche of Castille, spins like Queen Bertha, weaves like Penelope, embroiders like the Roumanian Princesses of old, paints mosaics like Ann of Brittany, tends the wounded like Florence Nightingale, and writes poetry like Margaret of Navarre and the Empress Elizabeth of Austria."

This state is caused by Nervous Dyspepsia. Queer, isn't it, that such a hell of suffering should be caused by a derangement of the stomach? But such is the case.

More serious still are the objections raised by eminent medical men like Dr. Pozzi, Charcot, Max Nordau, and Hercourt, who, one and all, depurate, to a lesser or greater extent, athletic sports for women. The last-named authority "is even of opinion that there is no kind of outdoor exercise which may be set down as absolutely harmless to the feminine system."

**Dyspeptic Nerves**

Cause Awful Suffering, and Daily Misery to Thousands.

**But Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure the Trouble Positively, Easily and Quickly**

**—They Never Fail—A Double Treatment in Every Box—The Dyspeptic's Only Hope.**

To thousands of people the pleasures of life are unknown. Forebodings of some terrible disaster oppress them, murder sleep and make their days long periods of horror. They are in constant dread of death, believing that the heart is diseased and that they may expire at any moment. Their nerves are shattered and cause the most acute suffering day and night.

The Duchess d'Uzes' approval of all outdoor games and field sports for women is prefaced by the statement that she is a "feminist."

"But a 'feminist,'" she adds, "is what I consider, I believe that, as the woman is the guardian of home, to raise women is to raise the moral standard of their homes. That is why I am not alarmed to see mothers, wives, sisters and daughters sharing, to a certain extent, their sons', husbands', brothers', and fathers' outdoor sports. The son of a woman accustomed to face every danger is not likely to know what it means to be afraid."

Madame Clemence Royer, who is an authority on mathematical and natural science, is of the same opinion on the subject as these two ladies of the world. She believes "that women, by physical exercise, will gain in health, strength, and in grace of motion and carriage. The languid odalisques, who spent their days reclining on sofas, are quite out of date."

The small, brown tablets that are in every box act on the bowels. They are the best laxative ever made. With Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets they cure the worst case of Stomach Trouble that ever tortured mankind. They never fail. They cannot fail. They change pain into pleasure, misery into health.

Even the crude man may acquire a certain amount of polish from the bootblack.

M. Sully Prudhomme, the poet, con-

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## MUSIC

**W**HEN some months ago I ventured to suggest that Sousa's music conveyed the suspicion of being machine-made, or, in other words, that if you heard one of his marches you had really heard the lot, certain people in this city were very much incensed, and used some hot words in expressing their opinion that Sousa's marches were the beginning and the end of music. I note that in Berlin, where Sousa and his band have been playing, a musical journalist expresses a similar view to my own. The Berlin "Critic" says: "John Philip Sousa, known in America as the composer of numerous operettas and the director of a popular band, but in Europe until recently only as the composer of the 'Washington Post,' gave yesterday in Kroll's Garden the first of a series of concerts. It is worth one's while to attend these concerts. Not on account of the music which one hears there. That from first to last belongs to the category of 'garden literature.' Even that which Mr. Sousa calls a 'suite in three movements' is scarcely anything more than the Washington Post repeated three times; first in allegro; then in adagio, and finally in presto. Nor on account of the orchestra. That is no better than any German military band. It pays to go to Kroll's to see Mr. Sousa conducting his men. His direction is unlike that of any other conductor. He does not make this or that motion to draw from the orchestra this or that shade of tone. Moreover, inspired by what he hears, he indulges in an ever-changing, lively pantomime. Now he appears to be holding in his left hand the reins of a four-in-hand, then one imagines he has a whip in his right hand, while the next moment he appears to be driving according to the tempo of the movement. Again he stands, his head inclined to one side, as though taking aim with a gun, by way of portraying as a shot the fortissimo stroke of the bass drum. He floats, he dances, he assumes fencing positions—always in time with the music. It is well worth seeing—Mr. Sousa conducting his orchestra."

Giacomo Puccini, whose opera, *Tosca*, was recently produced at Covent Garden Opera House, London, is of the fifth generation of a musical family. His father, Michele Puccini, was director of the Instituto Municipale of his native town of Lucca, and composed sacred and operatic music, as his forebears had done before him. When he died the grateful community bestowed a small annuity on his widow, and upon it she contrived to bring up her six children to the study of music. Giacomo, who was born in 1858, soon outdistanced his brothers and sisters, and in consideration of the good work done by the dead and gone Puccinis, he was allowed a year's free tuition at the Milan Conservatory. He was not one to waste such an opportunity. His first opera, *Le Villi*, was at first a failure. Later it became a complete success. His *Edgar* was produced at La Scala in 1888, and his *Manon Lescat* at Turin in 1893. His more recent *La Vie de Bohème* was well received at Paris.

A very curious example of a reversal of critical opinion has been called attention to in England. Some years ago Mr. J. Cutinber Hadden wrote a biography of Handel, in which he said: "Not for an age, but for all time, lived and worked George Frederic Handel. The world will continue to look up to him as it has long done with the reverence which belongs to greatness, with the awe which strength commands, and with the love which public art, as well as in private life, is only to be won by greatness and strength when they are tempered and harmonized by the presence of beauty." These are certainly very positive opinions expressed in the height of eulogy. Mr. Hadden, however, it seems, can change his mind on a question so complicated, as did the late Mr. Gladstone on the Irish problem. Quite recently Mr. Hadden wrote for "Musical Opinion" an article headed Handel and the Handel Fetish. Among other things he makes the following astonishing statement: "No one seriously contends that Handel was the greatest of all composers; nay, it might even be shown that he was not a great composer at all, as we regard a very great composer nowadays. There is no denying, nor does anyone wish to deny, the grandeur of some of Handel's work, but in the most stupendous of his choruses there is little that is emotionally sublime, little to inspire one with that rapturous feeling of ecstasy which one always experiences in listening to music like the garden, cathedral and prison scenes in *Faust* or the death scene in *Tristan*." I have called this statement astonishing merely in view of Mr. Hadden's former pronouncement on the subject. Mr. Hadden was naturally taken to task for his critical recantation by several smart journalists with good memories. Mr. Hadden defends himself by stating that when he wrote the biography of Handel he was "a literary babe and suckling." Of course no one will dispute the right of Mr. Hadden to change his mind. Perhaps some years hence he may make another right about face. Who knows?

New York is seriously considering the question of banishing the hand-organ. The Chicago "Tribune," in commenting upon the fact, says: "The

trouble is that the organ-grinder, like other citizens, has felt the spirit of the age, and he believes that music, like other merchandise, must be rushed. Consequently he turns out Trovatore with the same rapidity that he bestows upon a two-step, and he throws at the feeling into the Heart Bowed Down as he does into a cake walk. One really may put expression into the turning of an organ crank, and a vagabond soul may find vent for its woes by this seemingly mechanical method. When cities were young and an organ-grinder had more leisure the latter would pause before a doorstep and give on the whole of Suwanee River before pausing to remind the listener that even harmony has its price. But now he will give one but a few feet of that famous stream before stopping to discover whether the whole course will be paid for, and frequently an illiberal lover of music will be left floundering in the middle of the river. It may not be necessary to do away with the hand-organ altogether, but it is important to remind the grinder that he must preserve a higher standard of art."

A correspondent writes: Friday morning, 27th, saw the last of the most artistic musical events that have ever taken place in Hamilton. This last of the Lockwood lecture-recitals, though delightful as all that preceded, was listened to regretfully by the audience, as bringing to a close a series altogether unique. Unique because, while restricted to severely classical music, it had both interest and charm for people not specially interested in music. This was owing no less to the analytical power and terse diction of the lectures than to the intelligible and sympathetic rendering of the music. Nature rarely endows one person with the gift of fluency in two modes of expression, but to Mr. Lockwood she has been thus generous, adding to it the still rarer gift—the power of stopping just before the hearers have heard enough. The favored ones privileged to attend this course will henceforth listen to music in a new way. Appreciation of the best has been deepened in all, the true critical faculty awakened in the most superficial, and the horizon of even the most earnest students widened. The most salient characteristic of Mr. Lockwood's playing was the bringing to the realization of his hearers the meaning and beauty of rhythm, phrasing and tone-color, the listener's pleasure being always enhanced by that repose which is the outcome of complete technical command. The four lectures on piano-playing were of inestimable value to piano students, as they were from a strictly practical standpoint, and brilliantly illustrated as only an able pupil of Leschetizky could do. The eight lecture-recitals covered the entire history of piano-foote music. Nineteen composers were represented, to five of whom a morning each was devoted. Each morning each was devoted. The analysis of Mr. R. Walder's new mineral well, at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, Ontario: Ontario School of Chemistry and Pharmacy, Toronto, April 2nd, 1900. R. Walder, Preston, Ont.

Dear Sir,—We have made a careful analysis of the mineral water collected by ourselves from your new spring at the Hotel Del Monte, and beg to report as follows: Temperature, Fahr. .... 45 degrees Potassium sulphate, grains per gallon. .... 4.454 Sodium chloride. .... 10.190 Magnesium chloride. .... 902 Magnesium sulphate. .... 111.102 Calcium sulphate. .... 35.394 Calcium bicarbonate. .... 110.714 Ferrous bicarbonate. .... 2.190 Silica and alumina. .... 1.660 275.96

Mrs. Elsa MacPherson, the gifted pianist, who is at present in Chicago, studying with Leschetizky's famous pupil, Mme. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, will, on her return to the city in September, be identified with the piano-staff of the Toronto College of Music.

According to London "Truth," the Canadian examinations of the Associated Board have proved a disastrous failure. It says: "A year or two ago there was considerable discussion concerning the persistent attempt made by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music to force their examinations and diplomas upon the Canadians. Although the Canadian musicians declined to have anything to do with these examinations, which were held at a loss, the British authorities persisted in them. It may have been courageous, and it was not war, and in the end one of the officials chiefly concerned in his resignation. But the examinations were by some strange absurdity continued, and they have, I learn, now come to a very ignominious issue. At the last Canadian examinations some pupils did enter, but the Associated Board eventually abandoned the enterprise, and returned the fees to those who had paid them. This is the last act of a very ridiculous comedy."

Lord Dysart was, down to a short time ago, a strong supporter, and an equally sturdy critic, of the Wagner movement. Since he has come into his estate he has, it is said, carried his love of music to the point that he has presented pianos to those of his cottagers, any member of whose family shows an aptitude for music. The non-musical Dysart cottagers promise, therefore, to have a lively time of it.

They are a curious lot of people in Paris. The recent awarding of the first prize at the National Conservatory of Music to a Mademoiselle Siecking created almost a riot. The audience howled and hissed. Crowds assembled in the courts and cried, "Down with the jury. Throw them into the river." The police were called to clear the hall; the people massed in

the streets and cuffed the jury about. When the unfortunate girl laureate appeared she was hissed, cuffed and insulted. The scandalous scene has decided the managers to hold the contests in private in future.

An interesting selection of songs, duets, quartettes, and recitations was given under the direction of Mr. Sherlock on Monday evening at the anniversary concert of Munn's Church, Trafalgar. The beautiful weather, the popularity of the performers, and the reputation of the director, combined to bring out a very large audience, to the great satisfaction of the Ladies' Aid Society, under whose auspices the concert was given. Those who contributed to the programme were the Misses Victoria Paterson and Wheeler, Mrs. McGolpin, Mr. Howitt, Mr. Sherlock, and the popular Carlton quartette, all of Toronto. The audience gave every indication of being specially well pleased, the unaccompanied part songs being received with much favor. Mrs. Wright-Orr, of Oakville, played the accompaniments with good taste and judgment.

Mr. William G. Armstrong, the baritone of the Sherlock Male Quartette, writes from London, where he is pursuing his vocal studies, that he expects to return to Toronto about the end of October.

On July 25th Mr. Rechab Tandy, as musical director of Grimsby Park, gave the second grand concert of the present season, which was a pronounced success in every respect, as shown by the very large audience present in the great Temple building, and the flattering reception of all the singers. On this occasion Mr. Tandy was assisted by Miss Queenie McCoy, Miss Terese Wegener, Miss Carey, Miss Kelly, Miss Snyder (reader), and Mr. W. J. Lawrence. Recalls and encores were the order of the evening, to which most of the singers responded. Miss Louise Tandy presided at the piano with great acceptance to the audience and helpfulness to the singers. Mr. Tandy's management of the concerts, as well as the musical portion of the Sabbath services, has, even thus early in the season, proved a great success.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's latest opera, *The Rose of Persia*, will have its first presentation in New York at Daly's Theater on September 6.

CHERUBINO.

Great Mineral Water Discovery in Preston, Ontario.

Mr. Robert Walder, proprietor of the Hotel Del Monte, satisfied in his own mind for years of the possibility of obtaining beneath the soil of Preston a mineral water that would surpass in strength and curative properties the waters of Mount Clemens, Michigan, has persevered, and his faith has at length been rewarded. At the great depth of five hundred and thirty feet a water was discovered and is now gushing forth in an unlimited quantity which has been awarded the following analysis:

Analysis of Mr. R. Walder's new mineral well, at Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, Ontario:

Temperature, Fahr. .... 45 degrees

Potassium sulphate, grains per gallon. .... 4.454

Sodium chloride. .... 10.190

Magnesium chloride. .... 902

Magnesium sulphate. .... 111.102

Calcium sulphate. .... 35.394

Calcium bicarbonate. .... 110.714

Ferrous bicarbonate. .... 2.190

Silica and alumina. .... 1.660

275.96

Free carbonic acid gas, 7.81 cubic inches. Sulphurized hydrogen gas, traces.

You will notice on comparing the above analysis with the former analysis of your old well, that the above is very much stronger in salts.

Yours truly,

THOMAS HEYS & SON,

Consulting Chemists.

This water gives relief to sufferers from rheumatism, dyspepsia, and to tired-out people generally.

Moral Degeneracy in the Tropics.

"E" ACHE," in a recent article on "A Tainted Atmosphere," remarks:

"Harmful as life in the hot countries to the physical health of white folk, it is much more deleterious to their moral well-being, and it requires men of strong character and high principles to resist the temptations by which they are surrounded, and to remain unaffected by the contaminating influences of the atmosphere which prevails."

"Few realize until they take up their residence in tropical countries how much until then they have been restricted in their conduct by the conventionalities of life. It may sound cynical, but there is no doubt that social discipline is maintained to an infinitely greater degree by conventionality than by principle. It is far less a question of conscience than the fear of what friends and neighbors will say that keeps one in the right path, and most people are in greater dread of forfeiting the regard and esteem of those among whom they are living than their own self-respect."

"Lord Dysart was, down to a short time ago, a strong supporter, and an equally sturdy critic, of the Wagner movement. Since he has come into his estate he has, it is said, carried his love of music to the point that he has presented pianos to those of his cottagers, any member of whose family shows an aptitude for music. The non-musical Dysart cottagers promise, therefore, to have a lively time of it."

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dishonor and profligacy, but rectitude and morality that are regarded as unconventional, and they will soon lose all notions of right and wrong and become as depraved as the influences by which they are surrounded."

"It is not so many years ago that Sir Charles Euan Smith, while engaged in a special mission to Morocco for the purpose of negotiating a treaty between that country and Great Britain, was offered at the last moment a bribe of £30,000 by the Sultan if he would consent to the modification of certain clauses of the agreement that were displeasing to His Moorish Majesty. Sir Charles, in a fit of righteous indignation, tore the treaty into pieces, flung them in the face of the Sultan, and immediately broke off all diplomatic relations with the court of Morocco, replying to his threats with the words: 'You may kill me if you like, but it will avail you little; for there will quickly be another British envoy on the spot to take my place; but in that event there will be no longer any Sultan of Morocco.'

"Lord Cromer's marvelous success in the reorganization of Egypt has been frequently ascribed to the fact that he had been careful to select as his assistants none but clean-living, high-bred young Englishmen, whose family traditions, loftiness of principle, and sense of self-respect constituted a safeguard to the temptations by which they were surrounded.

His plan may be said to be followed by the chiefs of all other branches of British administration in tropical climes, and it is to this that must be ascribed the remarkable immunity of England from scandals in its Indian and colonial dependencies. The white man in tropical countries cannot afford to lower himself to the level of his surroundings. He must remain superior thereto if he wishes to retain not the sympathy but the respect of those with whom his lot is cast, and the only men who are likely to fulfill this condition are those whose home life is controlled not by conventionality but by principle."

"I have decided," said the girl in blue, "that when I marry I shall marry a widower." "Coward!" retorted the girl in grey scornfully. Truly, it would seem that a woman should be willing to tame her own husband.

Esson, the famous photographer of Preston, has, this season, for the comfort and convenience of his patrons, fitted up an artistic waiting-room, which is being much admired by the many visitors to the mineral springs town.

INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN, PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, COLLEGE STREET.

DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director, Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities

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## Popularity of the Pianola

It is strange that an instrument that has received the heartiest endorsements from such eminent musicians as Paderewski, Sauer, Moskowsky, etc., should have in so short a time attained so great a popularity with the musical public?

Recent shipments have just been made to prominent citizens in Hamilton, Vancouver, Owen Sound, Beaverton, and other points.

The Pianola enables anyone to play the piano without practice and without study.

CATALOGUE MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS

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Piano Co., Limited  
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Luxuries are not so high if you know where to buy.

Luxuries in the line of clothing—if you come here—are not expensive.

Look at our Boys' Suits, for instance—suits made for boisterous boys.

Military Khaki Suits, style as worn by the Canadian Contingents, sizes 22 to 28, with service caps to match, \$2.50.

Washing Blouses, that were 50c, now 40c.

Seige Reefs, for boating and sailing, sizes 22 to 27, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

Blue Flannel Coats, with red, white or blue cord edges, \$1.50.

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115-121 King Street East, and  
116 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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BANKERS AND BROKERS  
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Buy and Sell Investment Securities on Commission on all principal Stock Exchanges.

Act as Agents for Corporations in the issue of Bonds and other securities. Transact a General Financial Business.

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I make a specialty of high-class tailored

—Outing Suits,  
—Wheeling Suits,  
—Golfing Suits,  
—Yachting Suits.

and my selection of high-class imported woolens for making such is very exclusive and splendidly assorted.

THE ROSSIN BLOCK.

### Social and Personal.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Piersol have taken a house at 712 Spadina avenue. Mrs. Piersol will not receive until the first part of October.

Mrs. J. Martyn Hyehlinger, of Central Park, Buffalo, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Duggan, of Major street, for a week.

Miss Adelaide Sheppard, of Orillia, accompanied by her friend, Miss Grace Poison, of Toronto, has gone to spend a few weeks with friends in Halifax, N.S.

After spending a very pleasant vacation in the north, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fred Morton of Bloor street returned to the city on Saturday. Mrs. Morton sang with great success in Barrie and Orillia, and her rich and sympathetic voice won the admiration of all who heard her.

Miss H. C. Clarke, of 8 St. James avenue, with her niece, Miss May Clarke, of "Maplehurst," Brighton, were the guests of Mrs. Frederick Webb, of "Inglewood," on their return from Muskoka.

Mr. Leo Sullivan, of Jarvis street, has returned from a trip to Montreal and New York. Miss Lorena Detwiler, of Berlin, is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Noah Detwiler. Mrs. Carr, of Sherbourne street, and her daughter, Miss Helena Carr, are spending a few weeks at Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Miss Hattie Richardson and Miss Gertie Veals, who have been camping at Sturgeon Lake for the past two weeks, have gone to Peterborough, where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Frederick Morton, of Elcar street, have returned home after a very pleasant visit in Barrie and Orillia.

Dr. Thomas Kerr, 367 Dovercourt road, Rev. Hugh T. Kerr, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and their mother, Mrs. William Kerr, started on Wednesday for Europe. They go by the Thousand Islands to Montreal, where they board the steamer Tunisian for Liverpool. Mrs. Kerr will visit her brother in Derby. Rev. Mr. Kerr and his brother will spend their time partly in Edinburgh and the Continent in college work. Dr. Kerr's practice has been left in the care of his brother, Dr. John A. Kerr.

Everybody at Grimsby Park is looking forward to the programme of next week, especially the Tissot paintings and Cleveland Moffett lectures. Numbers are arriving every day so as to be on hand for the three grand entertainments to be given on August 9th, 10th and 11th. The following is a list of latest arrivals:

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Goodman have returned after a three weeks' visit to the Rev. F. W. Goodman, in Indiana. Miss M. H. Douglas of Kew Beach is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hagarty at their beautiful summer residence, Alderdale, Port Credit. Mrs. Frank A. Brady and her children are spending the summer at Woodstock.

Mr. Fred Caldecott left on Saturday for Lawrie Island, Muskoka, to join his wife and family.

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Kingston; Miss Ella Graham, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Dorchester; Mrs. J. Newman, St. Catharines; Rev. E. B. Lanceley, wife and family, Kingston; Mrs. J. H. McKinnon, Miss L. B. McKinnon, Toronto; Harry Smith, Franklin, Pa.; Alex. McGregor, Dr. Ziegler, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. J. H. Housser and family, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Halstead, Mount Forest; Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran, Los Angeles, Cal.; Dr. George D. Porter and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hough, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Page, Toronto; Mrs. Craig, Guelph; Eugenie Butler, Fred Butler, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; N. Dymant, Barrie, Miss Ethel Tyner, Wuttemer Murch, Toronto.

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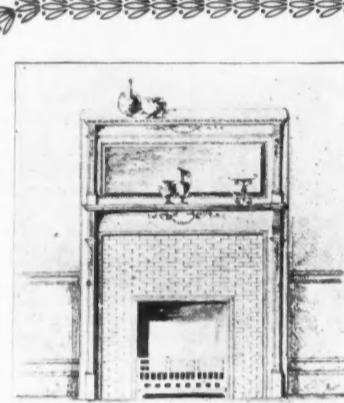
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#### The Death of Franklin McLeay.

FOR Franklin McLeay, writes the "Green Room" correspondent, "M. A. P." was a man of quite exceptional character. As I have before pointed out, in "M. A. P." he was an ardent patriotic Canadian, had a fine college record both as scholar and athlete, and was, by turns, teacher, politician, and actor.

His record in London began with his well-known Nero in the sign of the Cross. He presented the snarling tyrant with a force and picturesqueness that caught the town. Mr. McLeay owed his English opportunities to Mr. Wilson Barrett, who discovered him in America, at the Boston School of Oratory. He more than justified Mr. Barrett's expectations, and became in a very short time one of the best-known actors in London. Although he excelled in the delineation of cruel, crafty, and malignant characters, he was a man of sweet nature, bubbling over with kindness. One cannot imagine him ever a boy. He must always have been a gentle, old young man.

Having begun life as a teacher, the sense of responsibility that hangs about a good schoolmaster was ever with him. Almost painfully conscientious, he never ceased studying, perfecting, and polishing whatever role he had in hand. No bit of information was too minute for him to take an interest in. He would gladly spend hours in the British Museum perfecting the detail of a sandal, or some other little thing that no one but himself would ever see. To the art of make-up he was especially devoted, and in respect to it, was unceasingly trying experiments or working out new theories. His disguise as Derrick in Rip was as fine as anything ever seen on the stage.

While he was proud of his athletic record and accustomed to bicycle a great deal, he looked a very frail man, and never had a good color. But his face was so kind, and his manners so sweet, it was always a pleasure to see him. His big blue eyes had an uncommon fashion of lighting up whenever he saw a friend, particularly a child-friend, for he loved children. He was not fond of cards, or clubs, or very late hours, but liked a cosy, home-like time, with long discussions on art, literature, and the drama.

Like many other actors, he was very generous with his money. The last time I saw him was in his dressing-

room at Her Majesty's at the end of the run of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Disguised beyond recognition as Quince, he was working at high pressure during spare moments on the organization of the Drury Lane benefit for the Ottawa Fire Fund. It was easy to see his heart was in the business, and also that he was over-working himself. Within half an hour three ladies called asking subscriptions to three different war funds. They were ladies of the company whose services had been enlisted for different entertainments. To each he gave a smile, a pleasant word, and a sovereign. I never saw a man who seemed to take such pleasure in giving.

The special trait of Mr. McLeay was his ambition. He took life with deep seriousness, and never ceased to analyze his work, his life, his opportunities, and his possibilities. At the same time he was not egotistical. It was all pure ambition. It seemed as if he were so slender because ambition burned like a flame within him and consumed him. He craved improvement and advancement, and strove to conquer his public.

After rather a long engagement he married Miss Grace Warner, the actress, about a year and a half ago. Shortly after her marriage, Miss Warner took up the role of Lucia Manette in *The Only Way*, and played it through the first London run of the piece last year. Since that time she has played leading parts with her father, Charles Warner, at the Prince's Theater. They lived in Gordon Mansions, and had a large circle of friends.

The young widow has the deepest sympathy of all in her hour of trial.

The stage, writes Clement Scott, has lost a distinguished scholar.

It is not a great actor of the future, by the untimely death of the young Scottish-Canadian, Franklin McLeay.

In later life we do not make sudden, impulsive friendships, but here was a man so vivacious, so impetuous, so independent, so fearless, that he appealed to me from the first instant that I met him.

The last of three memorable meetings with this genuine, sympathetic creature I am not likely to forget.

The first meeting when the combined

tenderness and force of his nature so appealed to me was on his wedding day, December 18th, 1898. It took place at Christ Church, Woburn Square, and this was the invitation from the fair and gentle daughter of one of my oldest and certainly dearest friends—Charles Warner.

"Please will you and Mrs. Scott go just a few doors from your house Sunday week, the 18th, to see our wedding at one o'clock? Breakfast to follow at the Trocadero. We shall be bitterly disappointed if you can't come. Love from affectionately yours, Grace."

It was the happiest of days. Franklin spoke out his truth with a determination that made the church ring. I knelt behind what I hoped would be the actor and the actress of the future, both young, both handsome, both enamored of their art, ideally mated. We were privileged to see their happy home—the gift of Charles Warner.

Again, a vivid memory. Nay, it was only the other day. He had asked me to write some verses for the Memorial Book of the Canadian benefit. I wanted to please him so I wrote "Sister Canada." The verses, once written, it was my first impulse—it always is—to read them to a sympathetic soul. I hurried across the square and found a merry party collected at Gordon Mansions. Youth, happiness, hope, all were there. Would I read what I had written? The ordeal over, he jumped from his seat, his blue eyes sparkling, and, with that delightful smile of his playing round every feature, grasped my hand warmly and said, "The very thing. Thank you. That is just what I wanted."

The last time we met was on the same Canadian business at our own home. We could see he was ill, over-taxed, over-tired, and was doing more than his strength would allow. He had only just finished with Rip, he was daily rehearsing the Othello scene as Iago, the secretarial work for the benefit was prodigious, and he was in an agony of sensitiveness lest his motives might be misunderstood. It was as near a breakdown on that evening as I ever saw. We parted on the doorstep, and I never saw the kindly creature any more.

After the benefit came the reaction. Brain and nerves gave way. Then came the untimely end, and the supreme grief of step-father and his son, the widow's agony, mute and tearless. The stage (concludes Mr. Scott) has lost a scholar student, and I the most staunch and loyal friends.

#### Orientals at the Paris Fair.

VENTS in China affect the prices of straw hats. Canton straw long ago pushed out Leghorn and Dunstable. The false Panamas are made of one of its varieties; rice straw is another; and the coarse paille straw for garden hats a third. The Chinese can twist and turn the vegetable world as they please. A Chinaman who takes to gardening finds profit and amusement in tricking nature. It was from him that the Jap learned to dwarf trees that look just like giants of the forest seen through the big end of an opera glass. We have at the Exhibition hoary-looking cedars and gnarled oaks that are not two feet high, writes the Paris correspondent of London "Truth." They want nothing but size to be imposing. What is there that Chinese skill and patience cannot accomplish? With patience they say the mulberry leaf will become satin. If I wanted to cover in the course of years a stony mountain with plantations I should give it over to Chinese. The carpet flower-bed is their invention. Their pavilion at the Exhibition ought to humble European artisans. We have nothing in the cabinet-making class that can approach the carved-wood furniture of Canton. Imagine the most intricate open-work carvings in hard massive wood in which the workman's chisel never once went wrong. The blocks that he cut through and turned into fantastic creatures are joined together and form seats, tables, bedsteads, and other kinds of furniture for European houses. They do not care for showy ornaments. The same gentleman was also much amused at my asking him if he did not think the London and Paris police had Formosa five years. It was a very wild place when they went there. They have already turned the swamps into rice-fields and the friable uplands into tea plantations. The only tea drunk and sold at the Japanese Pavilion is from Formosa. It tastes like strong Pekoe. I cannot say I like it; but the Japs do. They drink it very weak and indolent. There is a kind of Formosa tea that costs three francs a cup, and is only drunk in Japan on occasions of high ceremony. The tea-house at the Exhibition is subsidized by the Imperial Government and run by two gentlemanly little Japs. One of them, in showing me specimens of Japanese paper, laughed as heartily as politeness would allow him when I asked whether they used rags in Japan. They only use the bark of a tree. Our paper is poor, tearable stuff compared to theirs. The Japanese paper is as tough as muslin, and is used as tea-table napkins, pocket-handkerchiefs, and children's dresses. The same gentleman was also much amused at my asking him if he did not think the London and Paris police had Formosa five years. It was a very wild place when they went there. They have already turned the swamps into rice-fields and the friable uplands into tea plantations. The only tea drunk and sold at the Japanese Pavilion is from Formosa. It tastes like strong Pekoe. 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